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Shell guide to LIFE ON THE WALL

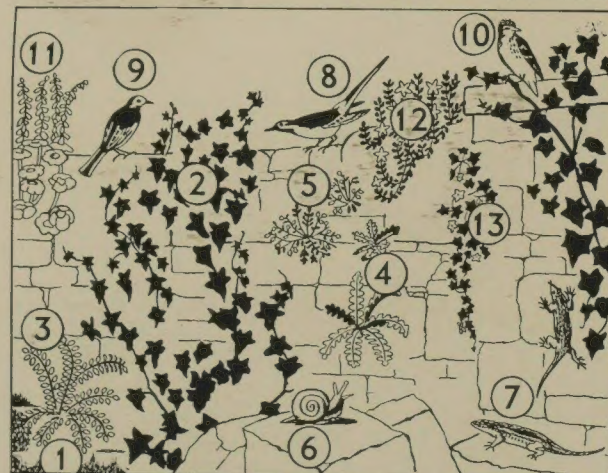


Painted by John Leigh Pemberton

When he builds a wall, man creates for living things, in sun and shade, dry and damp, a special rocky habitat always worth exploring. There will be MOSSES (1), lichens, IVY (2) and ferns. Some ferns like the damper, shadier portions, such as the COMMON SPLEENWORT (3), some the dryer, including RUSTY BACK (4) and WALL RUE (5), which enjoy the lime of the old mortar between the stones. The COMMON SNAIL (6) finds quarters along a wall, our commonest lizard, the VIVIPAROUS LIZARD (7), runs up the warm surface. The very long tailed GREY WAGTAIL (8), actually more yellow than grey and the more abundant PIED WAGTAIL (9) often nest in ivied corners. So does that summer migrant the SPOTTED FLYCATCHER (10), which uses the topmost stone or a gate post for its fly-perch.

Flowers of the wall include PENNYWORT (11), so named from the resemblance of its leaves to the silver pennies of mediaeval England, WALL PEPPER (12), and IVY-LEAVED TOADFLAX (13), a Mediterranean plant which escaped from a physic garden at North Ockenden in Essex, where it was first grown about 1618. Since then it has been spreading around the old walls of Britain.

NOTE: All the items shown in this picture would not, of course, be found in one place at one time.



Shell's series of monthly "NATURE STUDIES: Fossils, Insects and Reptiles", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7/6. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" and Shell's "NATURE STUDIES: Birds and Beasts" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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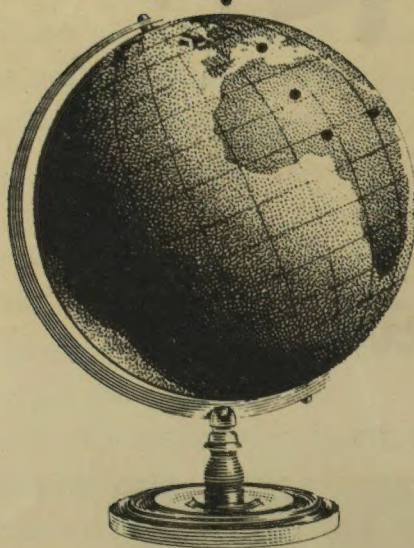
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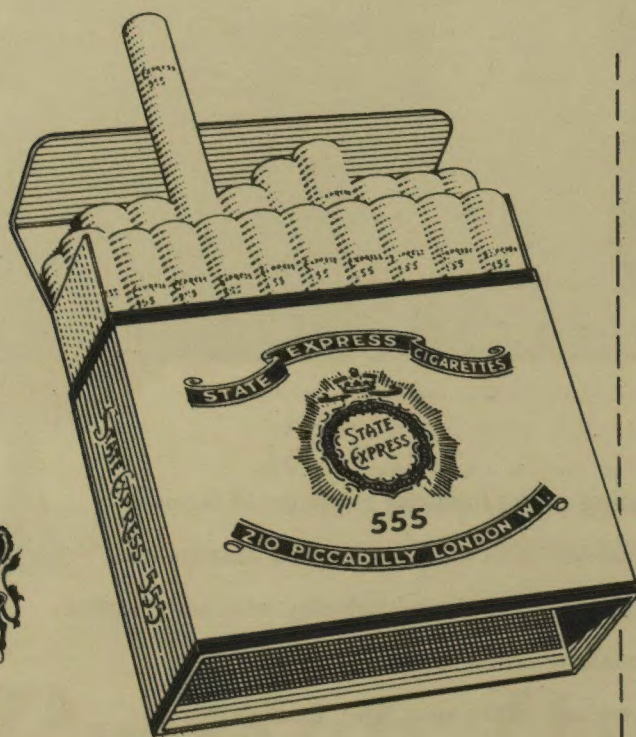
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Tournedos Rossini

is sumptuous : a medallion of fillet steak with a slice of foie-gras on top, crowned with truffles. Some of the other terms you may encounter when steak is on the menu are explained below.

A Guinness Guide to Steak on the Menu

DO YOU KNOW the cuts of steak? These brief descriptions may help. **FILLET STEAK**, the best cut, comes from the undercut of the sirloin, also known as the tenderloin. **RUMP STEAK** is self-explanatory. **POINT STEAK** is the rearmost cut from the rump.

A **PORTERHOUSE STEAK** is any complete cut of steak, before it is divided into individual portions. A **CHATEAUBRIAND** is a 'joint' of steak, 3 or more inches thick. **TOURNEDOS** are smallish, roundish, thickish pieces of fillet steak, sometimes called **FILETS MIGNONS**.

SOME FAMOUS STEAKS. Some of the ways of cooking and serving steak, and their culinary names, are set out here.

TOURNEDOS CHASSEUR are pan fried and rolled in a sauce made with mushrooms, shallots, chervil, white wine and tomato purée.

TOURNEDOS DAUPHINOISE are grilled and served on croutons with mushroom sauce. **TOURNEDOS BEARNAISE** is served with a sauce made with fresh tarragon and chervil, wine and egg yolks. **STEAK DIANE** is beaten out thin and flared with brandy before frying.

STEAK AND GUINNESS are truly heroic victuals. People perform prodigies of endurance when sustained by them and them alone. Happily (since both are among the gourmet's greatest pleasures) the clean and appetising taste of Guinness goes perfectly with steak.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1958.



AUSTRALIA'S HEART-WARMING FAREWELL FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER: THE LIVING TABLEAU FORMED BY SCHOOLCHILDREN AS HER MAJESTY LEFT PERTH AT THE END OF HER MOST SUCCESSFUL COMMONWEALTH TOUR.

The Queen Mother's Commonwealth tour, the last three weeks of which she had spent in Australia, came to a close on March 7 when she attended a children's rally at the Subiaco Oval, in Perth. Here some 7000 schoolchildren were the proud representatives of children throughout Australia, and the other Commonwealth countries visited by her Majesty, in forming this imposing farewell tableau—a huge map of the Australian continent with its state boundaries and the message "God Speed." Soon after leaving

the rally the Queen Mother boarded her aircraft at Perth Airport, and as it rose in flight her Majesty was able to see the farewell tableau below. In a radio message from her aircraft to Field Marshal Sir William Slim, the Governor-General of Australia, the Queen Mother said: "I leave a large part of my heart in Australia." Owing to engine trouble the aircraft was delayed for some days at Mauritius and her Majesty did not reach Nairobi for the opening of the new airport on March 8. The visit to Kenya was cancelled.

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE other day, after investigating the usual pile of circulars and appeals that arrive through the post every morning, I found myself turning over the pages of an advertisement-brochure so attractively and intelligently displayed that, busy though I was, I could not refrain from reading it through. As its purpose was to extol an admirable and invaluable work of reference which I already possessed, I had no excuse for wasting time over it. But the thesis behind its illustrations and captions was so challenging that it aroused, first, my curiosity and then my reaction. For the question it asked the reader was, "What do you want most?" and the answer it gave was, "Success." "Men and women," it said, "everywhere seek for success in one form or another. Are you eager for recognition and greater responsibility in your job? Do you want the security that goes with advancement? Quite simply, do you want a larger income? . . . Competition is keen; to get ahead rapidly you need help." And knowledge—the knowledge that the remarkable work of learning and reference which it offered for sale would give its purchaser—was the key to success. Therefore, the brochure argued, such knowledge was worth buying above everything else. And for young and old, male and female, it was shown how knowledge in each specific career or calling would bring success. "The way to success is open. All you need is more knowledge than the next man. . . . The man with the extra facts at his fingertips is the man who is moving ahead. . . ."

"Moving ahead"—yes, but where? For, in a few words this well-argued brochure unconsciously put its finger on what seems to me to be the fallacy of the modern world—the fallacy in which the decline of religious faith has left it. It is admirable that people should be full of enthusiasm in the pursuit of their worldly aims, that they should seek knowledge assiduously and work hard in order to excel in their callings and social relationships. And anything that encourages them to do so deserves to be commended, especially in a society in which there are so many lazy and listless people whose only aim seems to be to avoid trouble and satisfy their animal needs in the easiest way and nothing more. Yet to suppose that success, in the sense of surpassing and excelling one's fellows, is the ultimate end of existence is, I suspect, a most dangerous heresy for the human race. The pursuit of success can do nothing but good, except when it is regarded as an end in itself, when its effects are nearly always harmful. For if everyone supposes that the supreme and only object of life is to go one better than his neighbour, the result of everyone trying to achieve this can only result in mankind ultimately suffering—in every sphere and at every level—the fate that attended the Kilkenny cats. Men should strive to excel, but not in order to excel but in order to achieve perfection. They will never, of course, succeed, for absolute perfection is beyond human capacity, but in seeking perfection they will enlarge and strengthen their own natures and form their characters, which, so far as I can see, is the only object for which men and women can have been put into the world. For if there is any beneficent purpose in human existence—and our instinct tells us that there is—what else can it be but this? It cannot be to provide human beings with either success or happiness, for the end of every human life is inevitably failure and tragedy—the failure and

tragedy of the decay of the faculties and death, and the defeat of all worldly and purely personal aims. Indeed, so far as we can probe with any certainty into our individual futures, this is the one thing that is certain. We are all, to use an

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND'S TAPESTRY DESIGN.



THE LARGEST TAPESTRY IN THE WORLD FOR THE NEW COVENTRY CATHEDRAL: GRAHAM SUTHERLAND'S STRIKING DESIGN, WHICH IS TO BE EXECUTED IN FRANCE AT A COST OF £20,000.

For his design for the tapestry to hang behind the altar in the new Coventry Cathedral, Mr. Graham Sutherland has taken the theme of "Christ in Glory." The central figure of Christ, with its beautifully conceived head, is clothed in white robes with touches of yellow, and stands out against a strong, green background. This final painting for the design will be reproduced in colour in a future issue of *The Illustrated London News*. A French firm, Pinton Frères of Aubusson, will weave the huge tapestry, as it was found that no weaving firm in Britain had a loom large enough to make it. The tapestry is to be 74 ft. 8 ins. high and 38 ft. wide, and will be the largest in the world. It is expected that work on it will take between two and three years.

expressive wartime phrase, "for it." "This is it," we shall say when our hour comes; "chum, you've had it!" In wartime this simple and compelling truth was easily recognised, at least among those who faced death in the battle-line. In peacetime, judging by the fog of facile vulgarity into which with every year of peace we sink deeper, it appears to be almost universally forgotten. Yet how fatuous to found our philosophy and beliefs on what is obviously a lie and not to base

them on the reality that personal death and defeat are inescapable.

And if this last is so—and it is—what are the objects of human life? Courage, love, constancy in the face of adversity, persistence in the face of hardship and defeat, cheerfulness in disappointment and disaster, faith in the hour of darkness and eclipse—in other words, nobility of soul and character. And in a dim and muddled way, even in the height of our unreflecting mid-twentieth-century vulgarity, we recognise this. Why, for instance, do we nearly all of us, whatever our beliefs and opinions, admire Sir Winston Churchill? Not, surely, because he has been twice Prime Minister, is a Knight of the Garter, a successful writer and painter, and possesses in deserved abundance most of the goods and honours which men covet? Nor because he represents and expresses the opinions and views of the majority, for Sir Winston, an aristocrat and a Victorian, has obviously little use for the gods and goals of contemporary democratic life. Nor even, I fancy, for his genius, for in the egalitarian society of subtopia and the factory floor, genius is as suspect and as little liked as aristocracy. No, our universal affection and admiration for this extraordinary man is based on something very different—not because he has been successful, not because of his wonderful talents, but because when disaster, in other words, reality, stared us in the face, he met the challenge with indomitable courage and taught us how to do the same. As long as any of us live, as long as the story of England is remembered and the English tongue spoken, what he told us in that hour and bade us do will be seen for the truth it was and is. "I have nothing to offer you," he said, "but blood, toil, tears and sweat. . . . We have before us an ordeal of the most grievous kind." "We shall defend our island whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender." "And now it has come to us to stand in the breach and face the worst that the tyrant's might and enmity can do." "The whole fury and might of the enemy must very soon be turned on us. Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say, 'This was their finest hour.'"

And it was not because his efforts—and, as a result of his, ours—were crowned with success that we revere and love him, but that because, in an hour when we saw life for what it is—a challenge—he met that challenge with the full grandeur and nobility of which man is capable. It is not for success that man in his brief span of life should seek knowledge, should strive and create and struggle, but for the ability to withstand whatever Fate may befall him, to be true to himself and triumph by being so.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

THE QUEEN MOTHER'S TOUR OF AUSTRALIA: SCENES DURING HER VISIT TO MELBOURNE.



THE RALLY OF SCHOOLCHILDREN AT THE MELBOURNE CRICKET GROUND ON MARCH 3.

THE QUEEN MOTHER ended her visit to New South Wales on February 25 and flew to Canberra, where she spent one day, before flying on to Melbourne. The visit to Victoria was interrupted on February 28 by a flying one-day visit to Tasmania. It was a day of strong winds but the Queen Mother received the most enthusiastic welcomes in both Hobart and Launceston. On the following day her Majesty's Victoria visit was resumed, and in the afternoon she attended the Royal Race Meeting at Flemington, where she saw the Queen Elizabeth Stakes, in which there was a memorably close finish. On March 3, the last day of the visit to Melbourne, the Queen Mother attended another of the schoolchildren's rallies which have been such a popular feature of the tour. The climax of the five-day visit to Victoria came with a ball at Melbourne Town Hall, and on the following morning her Majesty flew to Adelaide.



DURING THE BALL WHICH WAS THE CLIMAX OF THE QUEEN MOTHER'S VISIT TO MELBOURNE: HER MAJESTY SEATED ON THE DAIS, TALKING TO THE LORD MAYOR.



AT WILSON HALL, UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE: A SCENE DURING THE CEREMONY AT WHICH THE QUEEN MOTHER RECEIVED THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS.



WEARING THE ROBES OF A DOCTOR OF LAWS: THE QUEEN MOTHER LEAVING WILSON HALL WITH MR. JUSTICE DEAN, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.



AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BALL IN THE TOWN HALL IN MELBOURNE ON MARCH 3: THE QUEEN MOTHER DANCING WITH SIR DALLAS BROOKS, THE GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA.



AFTER ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE IN MELBOURNE: THE QUEEN MOTHER LEAVING ST. PAUL'S ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL WITH DR. WOODS, THE ARCHBISHOP OF MELBOURNE.

FIGHTING IN ALGERIA: A FORTY-EIGHT-HOUR ALGERIAN REBEL FORCES IN THE MOUNTAINS



A FRENCH OFFICER FOLLOWING TWO PRISONERS TO SEE HOW THE REBELS GOT THROUGH AND AWAY FROM THE ELECTRIFIED BARBED-WIRE FENCE.



AFTER THE ACTION WHICH STARTED ON FEBRUARY 14 NEAR GUELMA, IN THE BENI MEZZELINA AREA: A WOUNDED REBEL PRISONER IS CARRIED TO AN AMBULANCE AT THE FRENCH BASE.

At dawn on Feb. 14—six days after the French air raid on the Tunisian border village of Sakiet—the 1st Regiment of Legionnaire Parachutists (the celebrated Green Berets) encountered an Algerian rebel convoy in the mountainous Beni Mezzelina area. After an action which lasted forty-eight hours, the French claimed that they had killed 168 of the rebels and taken twelve prisoners. Their own losses were twelve dead and forty-one wounded. The French troops also captured a considerable quantity of arms, including thirteen machine-guns (eleven of German, and two of English make). This action some forty miles from the Tunisian frontier was typical of many in which French paratroops have successfully fought with Algerian rebel formations in this difficult

(Continued opposite.)



COMBING THE EXTREMELY ROUGH TERRAIN: MEMBERS OF THE 1ST REGIMENT OF LEGIONNAIRE PARACHUTISTS READY FOR ACTION.



WITH HIS ARTILLERY READY TO SHELL THE REBEL POSITIONS: THE FRENCH COMMANDER STUDYING THE SITUATION DURING THE ACTION AGAINST THE REBEL CONVOY.



CONFIRMING THE INFORMATION ALREADY OBTAINED FROM A CAREFULLY INTERROGATED PRISONER.

ACTION BETWEEN FRENCH PARATROOPS AND CLOSE TO THE TROUBLED TUNISIAN FRONTIER.



BEING LIFTED INTO A MEDICAL TRANSPORT HELICOPTER: ONE OF THE TWELVE REBELS CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH PARATROOPS DURING THE ACTION.



CAPTURED ON THE FIRST DAY: A REBEL PRISONER IS TAKEN ABOARD A HELICOPTER TO FLY TO THE HOMESTEAD WHERE HE CLAIMED TO HAVE HIDDEN ARMS.



PARATROOPS ADVANCING ON AN ARAB HOMESTEAD AFTER LEARNING FROM A PRISONER THAT ARMS WERE HIDDEN THERE.

(Continued)
border country. An especially important aspect of the action was the capture of documents which supported the French claims that the rebels are using Tunisia as a base. Information obtained from some of the prisoners also confirmed this, and indeed it was learned that the larger of the two groups into which the rebel convoy was divided had left Sakiet only three days before the bombing. Documents and photographs found on the body of the convoy leader and his adjutant showed that they had recently been in Sakiet. (Two of these are shown on page 418.) A number of the prisoners were sent to Algiers for interrogation, and the information and documents were put at the disposal of the Ministry of National Defence and the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs.



NUMBER OF OTHER PRISONERS: A CAPTURED REBEL BEING BY FRENCH OFFICERS.



SHOWING HOW THE REBELS BROKE THROUGH THE FRENCH ELECTRIFIED BARBED-WIRE FENCE: A PRISONER DEMONSTRATING WITH A PAIR OF RUBBER-HANDLED WIRE-CUTTERS.

THE bombing of Sakiel has caused extra attention to Algeria, already prominent in the news, but it has made no particular difference to the situation there. The insurgents are as strong as ever. The flow of arms continues over the Tunisian and Moroccan frontiers and even by sea. English rifles from Egypt and French from Syria—distinguishable from those captured from the French Army in Algeria because of a type no longer used by it—have been reported. Since it is not considered news that the proportion of militant rebels is about one to 150 of the Muslim population, mostly located in the mountains and in fair numbers beyond the frontiers, we may imagine the country to be more disturbed than is the case. In fact, in most of the cities and towns life goes on almost normally, and even many small communities appear almost untouched.

The truth is that no one is quite sure what the Muslims are thinking. They have had no opportunity of putting forward their views officially and they are little given to doing so privately. Newspaper correspondents have visited the country to find out and have had to admit, if they are honest, that they know no more than when they started. They can talk to the French, and with little more trouble to rebels in arms, but they already know what both have to say. While opinion shades off subtly, it would seem reasonable to divide it roughly into four groups: militants and terrorists, strong nationalists who disdain methods of terror, those who still desire genuine collaboration with the French, and the almost completely indifferent.

To say that the French are lying when they assert that the third group is by far the largest is absurd as well as mannerless. I am perfectly ready to believe in their honesty. But the soldier and the administrator have to be almost inhumanly objective if they are not to give the greater weight to the more favourable information when they face a dilemma such as that confronting the French in Algeria. In this case their informants probably come in a majority from this third group, and may also be unconsciously prejudiced regarding its strength. On the face of it the second group is likely to be strong, and upon its strength and attitude the future of Algeria may largely depend.

Yet I should be pretending to an optimism which I do not feel were I to insist strongly on the minute fraction of the Algerian population which is represented in the ranks of F.L.N. (*Front de Libération Nationale*). The evidence about resistance terrorists in many parts of the world is now voluminous. Where it has not been revealed, or revealed only to a slight extent, that very fact suggests that it resembles the well-known cases. That of Malaya, where terrorism was numerically weak, is particularly striking. In Algeria outside support, moral and material, has become powerful. And the strength of these movements lies not only in terrorism exerted against the Government but in pressure on rivals, on the moderates, and on the passive.

Here also the President of a neighbouring Government has admitted that he affords aid to the Algerian insurgents. He has likened it, not very aptly, to the aid afforded to Britain by the United States before that country entered the Second World War. A closer parallel would be the aid given by Yugoslavia to the Greek Communists: (apart from arms) camps, depots, and hospitals within the patron's frontier. The flood of anti-European sentiment in the Arab world pours into Algeria. In these circumstances, while the insurrection could perhaps be wiped out by the methods of Communist States, it would seem almost impossible for a Western European State

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

ALGERIA NO NEARER A SETTLEMENT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

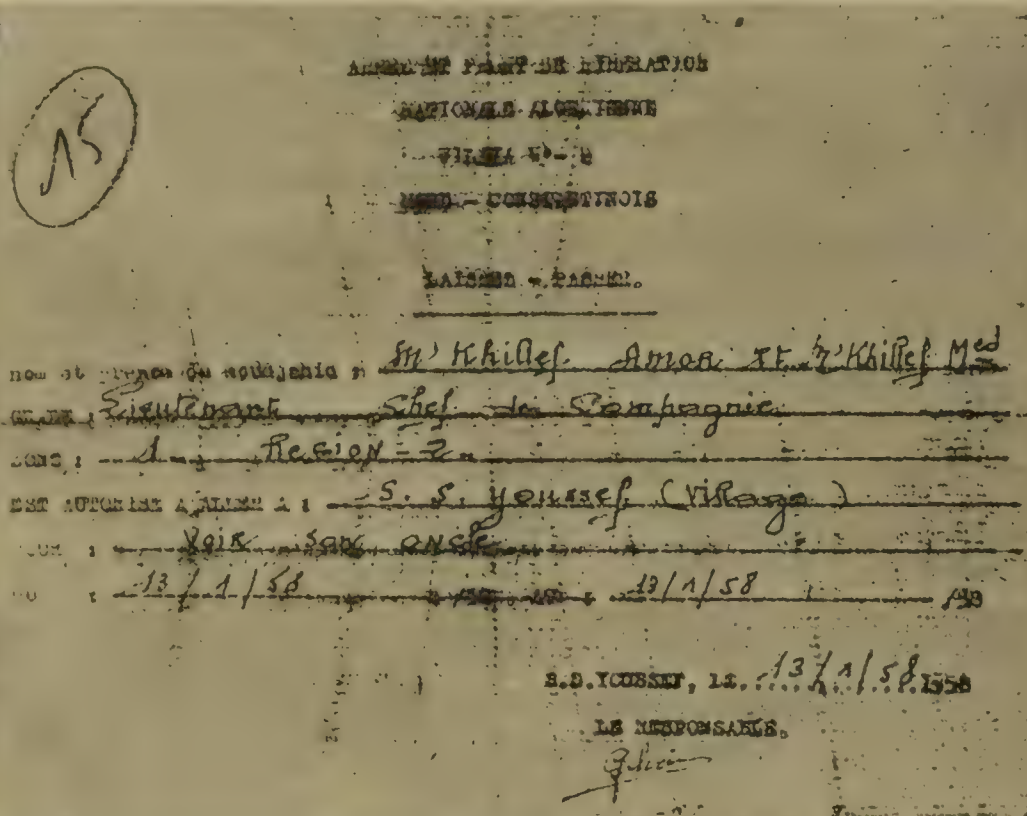
to put an end to it without winning the co-operation of a large and active majority in the country involved.

So far, one must frankly say that the prospects of this happening in Algeria are not rosy. It may well be that if France had made a more imaginative effort in this direction earlier, the thing could have been done. The transitional electoral proposals would certainly have made a wider appeal, say, two-and-a-half years ago than they do now. At present the danger is that those Muslims prepared to make them work will be treated as French stooges, in which case they will count for little or nothing. I am far from prophesying that the new *Loi-cadre* is doomed in advance

will be rushed into a solution which they will later regret is only too patent. I have not seen any solution put forward in this country except virtually complete surrender on the French side. This is something which the majority of the French people are not prepared to accept. If the project embodied in the *Loi-cadre* fails, it is to be feared that the present state of affairs, which amounts to small-scale warfare, will continue for a considerable time. The longer it goes on, the gloomier the outlook.

Since the agitation became serious a new factor has emerged. It is the definite proof that oil in the Sahara can be profitably and abundantly extracted and marketed. This might be done if an independent Algeria came into being, provided it were orderly and disciplined—which is far from being a certainty—but it would be gravely handicapped if Algeria were unfriendly and piratical as well as independent. Make no mistake about it, these new oilfields would bring wealth and progress to Algeria, anyhow to an Algeria maintaining links with France. The extremists have said simply that they would annexe them. There I am confident that France will resist with all her power, and I believe that most Britons will sympathise with her. But the excellent prospects of the exploitation of this oil should reveal the common interests of France and Algeria. Here, surely, is a factor which the French should bring home to all Algerians, whose minds are not inflamed by fanaticism.

Over the unhappy incident on the Tunisian frontier France was glad to accept the good offices of the United States and the United Kingdom. This was something she would have refused to do in the past in such circumstances. Even now she would probably not welcome a public offer of similar aid in her relations with Algeria. It need not be public; indeed, for all I know, the offer may have been made, may even have been accepted. It would not



AMONG THE DOCUMENTS FOUND ON A DEAD ALGERIAN LEADER, M'KHILLEF AMOR: A TERRORIST LEAVE PASS ALLOWING HIM TO GO TO SAKIET SIDI YOUSSEF.

and hope that this will not prove to be so, but the struggle will be stiff and the odds against success do not look light.

The delay and vacillation in dealing with the political trouble in Algeria have been due to wide and bitter differences of opinion in France, differences which have often penetrated into French Cabinets. The opinion against accommodation has been reinforced by the attitude of the French *colons* in the country, generally more extreme than the most extreme in France. These two influences have aggravated the difficulties, for, were France to speak as one, the majority of the *colons* would almost certainly moderate their tone. If ever there has been a case in which party politics should be subordinated to statesmanship, it is here. Yet the outside critic needs to remember that the views of the French right wing—the most abused over here—are as sincere as any others.

What has happened in Algeria is deplorable but familiar. A small and active tail is wagging the whole dog. The possibility that the future will be dictated by the extremists and that the remainder



ALSO FOUND ON THE BODY OF THE DEAD ALGERIAN TERRORIST LEADER: A PHOTOGRAPH OF HIMSELF (RIGHT) WITH HIS ADJUTANT BOUDOUB. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS ALMOST CERTAINLY TAKEN IN SAKIET.

A few days after the bombing by the French of the Tunisian village of Sakiel, there was a fierce battle between Algerian terrorists and French paratroops near Guelma. The terrorists were in two bodies, the larger coming from the direction of Sakiel. The commander of this latter group and his adjutant were killed and various photographs, documents and bills were found on their bodies. One of the photographs showing M'Khillef bore a Sakiel photographer's stamp on the back, and it was obviously taken at the same time as the photograph of the pair we reproduce (which shows them in parachutist's uniform). Among the documents was the ALN/FLN pass we reproduce, allowing M'Khillef to go to Sakiel; and a number of receipted bills for foodstuffs from Sakiel tradesmen.

be a certain remedy—the malady is too deep-seated for that, but it would be worth trying. It is to the interest of France's friends to see this wretched state of affairs ended. Meanwhile the all-too-common upbraiding of France in this country is neither helpful nor generous.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



THE UNITED STATES. THE U.S. FLEET'S FIRST GUIDED-MISSILE SUBMARINE FOR LAUNCHING *REGULUS* SURFACE-TO-SURFACE WEAPONS: U.S.S. *GRAYBACK*. U.S.S. *Grayback*, the latest addition to America's submarine fleet, was recently commissioned. *Grayback*, a new design attack submarine with streamlined Guppy snorkel equipment, is the first U.S. guided-missile submarine designed for launching *Regulus* surface-to-surface weapons.



SYRIA. IN DAMASCUS: PRESIDENT NASSER (RIGHT) AND PRESIDENT KUWATLY (LEFT) GREETING CROWN PRINCE SAIF AL-ISLAM AL-BADR OF THE YEMEN. The federation of Yemen with the United Arab Republic was ratified in Damascus on March 8, when President Nasser of Egypt and the Crown Prince of the Yemen signed a "Charter for the Establishment of the United Arab States."



ITALY. AFTER A FLORENCE COURT HAD FOUND HIM GUILTY OF DEFAMATION: MGR. FIORDELLI, BISHOP OF PRATO, BEING ACCLAIMED BY MEMBERS OF HIS CONGREGATION. After the Bishop of Prato, Mgr. Fiordelli, was found guilty of defamation by a Florence court on March 1 for having described in a Pastoral Letter a grocer's civil marriage as the "commencement of a scandalous concubinage," there were immediate reactions from the Vatican, and the Pope cancelled the celebration of the nineteenth anniversary of his coronation.



VATICAN CITY. HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII, WHO CELEBRATED HIS EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY ON MARCH 2 AND WHO IS REPORTED TO BE IN GOOD HEALTH. On March 2 the Pope celebrated his eighty-second birthday and the nineteenth anniversary of his accession. The celebration of the nineteenth anniversary of his coronation, arranged for March 12 in St. Peter's, was cancelled.



TURKEY. THE TURKISH FERRY DISASTER: BEYLERBEYI, SISTER-SHIP OF THE ILL-FATED *USKUDAR*, SEEN IN THE SEA OF MARMARA. Turkey has been mourning one of the greatest sea disasters in her history which occurred on March 1 when a ferry-boat, the 148-ton *Uskudar*, sank during a storm in the Sea of Marmara with the loss of some 400 people. The boat, which had left Izmit just after midday, was crowded with passengers, many of them high-school students.



TURKEY. IN THE STREETS OF IZMIT: MOURNERS THRONING THE STREETS DURING THE FUNERAL OF SOME OF THE VICTIMS OF THE LOST FERRY-BOAT.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



BOSTON, U.S.A. THE "HARDWARE COLLECTION" IN THE FAMOUS CHILDREN'S MEDICAL CENTRE—IN OTHER WORDS, OBJECTS REMOVED FROM INFANT WINDPIPES.



MEAUX, FRANCE. DRILLING FOR OIL IN NORTH CENTRAL FRANCE: THE RIG AT MEAUX, WHERE PROMISING SAMPLES OF OIL HAVE BEEN TAKEN RECENTLY. At Meaux, some twenty miles east of Paris, technicians of the Institut Français du Pétrole have found an oil seam at 6135 ft. Rock samples from 6670 ft. hint at still richer seams.



CHICAGO, U.S.A. A BABY KANGAROO, PREMATURELY EJECTED BY ITS MOTHER, IN THE ZOO INCUBATOR, IN WHICH THE INFANT HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY REARED.



MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. DESIGNED TO STAND UP TO THE WORST HURRICANES AND TIDAL WAVES CAN DO: A REVOLUTIONARY STILTED HOUSE DESIGN, ERECTED AT NORTH DARTMOUTH. IT IS OF FIVE ROOMS AND HAS A SPECIAL CONCRETE FOUNDATION.



IDLEWILD, U.S.A. "THE GREATEST EARTH ON EARTH": A TREATED NYLON GLOBE WHICH IS TO BE PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS' EXHIBIT AT BRUSSELS. This huge inflatable globe (which packs into a box 8 ft. x 6 ft. x 6 ft.) has been built by the Irvin Air Chute Company; and when erected at Brussels will contain an auditorium for 150 persons and will stage a panorama of the heavens.



BRUSSELS, BELGIUM. AN ANCIENT CRAFT IN A MODERN MANNER: A MOSAIC WALL OF TILES, SHOWING A STYLED INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE—ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE BRITISH PAVILION NOW APPROACHING COMPLETION FOR THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.



MUNICH, WEST GERMANY. TO PHOTOGRAPH ACCIDENTS IN THREE DIMENSIONS: A NEW SPECIAL CAMERA ACQUIRED BY THE MUNICH POLICE, WHICH ENABLES THEM TO RECONSTRUCT AN ACCURATE MODEL OF ANY INCIDENT.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



NEW ZEALAND. DURING THE RECENT FLOODS IN NORTH ISLAND: A SCENE IN THE MAIN STREET OF OTOROHANGA, WHICH HAD TO BE EVACUATED. A storm which swept across the centre of the North Island of New Zealand on February 24 caused some rivers to rise 16 to 20 ft. in a few hours, and much damage was wrought by the subsequent floods. Several towns, including Auckland, were isolated for several hours, and a number of bridges were swept away.



ROME, ITALY. NEW UNIFORMS FOR ROME'S CITY POLICE, INCLUDING A TALL HELMET OF THE ENGLISH TYPE. THE UNIFORMS ARE (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) NORMAL UNIFORM, FULL DRESS, OVERCOAT, AND WHITE MACKINTOSH. THE SHORT WHITE GLOVES ARE A NEW FEATURE.



SWITZERLAND. A NEW SYSTEM FOR BRINGING DOWN AVALANCHES UNDER CONTROLLED CONDITIONS: A SMALL BOMB IS DROPPED BY HAND FROM A LOW-FLYING AIRCRAFT. With the end of February a warning of avalanche danger was issued by the Swiss Institute for Snow Studies; and the season gives a topical interest to a new bombing technique for releasing masses of snow when the danger areas have been evacuated. Shell-fire has been used in the past.



SWITZERLAND. THE BOMB EXPLODES IN THE MASS OF SNOW AND PRECIPITATES THE AVALANCHE, WHEN THE AREA HAS BEEN EVACUATED.



STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN. A LION'S HEAD CARVED OUT OF ALDER WOOD, WHICH WAS RECENTLY RECOVERED IN STOCKHOLM'S INNER HARBOUR. IT COMES FROM THE SALVAGING OF THE MAN-OF-WAR VASA WHICH SANK AT THE BEGINNING OF ITS MAIDEN TRIP IN 1628.



UNITED STATES. DEvised BY AGRICULTURAL SCIENTISTS TO AID RESEARCH: AN INSTRUMENT FOR MEASURING THE STRENGTH OF EGG SHELLS. With this device it has been established that the shells of eggs laid by hens on a high-level antibiotic ration are about 20 per cent. stronger than those from hens not getting Terramycin. Developed by the firm of Chas. Pfizer and Co., it is used for research into egg production.



BELGIUM. POINTING TO THE ATOMIUM, THE CENTREPIECE OF THE BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: A STRIKING STRUCTURE IN THE CIVIL ENGINEERING SECTION. Built of steel and concrete, this strange structure will be seen in the Civil Engineering Section of the Brussels Universal and International Exhibition, which opens on April 17. The Civil Engineering Pavilion will be among the most striking modern buildings of the exhibition.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



(Above.) PRINCESS MARGARETHA ARRIVING FOR THE SWEDISH PREMIERE OF MIKE TODD'S "AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS": A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN JANUARY ABOUT THREE WEEKS BEFORE MR. DOUGLAS-HOME'S VISIT WAS ANNOUNCED.



(Above.) ON THE DAY THAT MR. ROBIN DOUGLAS-HOME'S VISIT TO STOCKHOLM WAS ANNOUNCED BY THE SWEDISH ROYAL HOUSEHOLD: PRINCESS MARGARETHA ARRIVING AT THE CENTRAL STATION IN THE SWEDISH CAPITAL. MR. DOUGLAS-HOME HAD NOT MET PRINCESS MARGARETHA FOR NEARLY A YEAR BEFORE THEIR REUNION IN STOCKHOLM. DURING HIS VISIT HE STUDIED WITH A WELL-KNOWN SWEDISH PUBLISHING FIRM.



(Right.) SOON AFTER HIS ARRIVAL BY AIR IN SWEDEN: MR. ROBIN DOUGLAS-HOME CLOSELY SURROUNDED BY POLICEMEN AT THE AIRPORT, WHERE A LARGE CROWD HAD ASSEMBLED TO SEE HIM.



AT THE ROYAL PALACE IN STOCKHOLM: PRINCESS MARGARETHA GIVES A RADIANT SMILE AS SHE POSES FOR THE CAMERA-MAN.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARETHA AND MR. ROBIN DOUGLAS-HOME TOGETHER AFTER A YEAR APART.

MR. ROBIN DOUGLAS-HOME, who is a nephew of the Earl of Home, met Princess Margaretha for the first time for about a year during his visit to Stockholm. While there, he was received by King Gustaf, Princess Margaretha's grandfather, for the first time, and met her mother, Princess Sibylla, and her brother, Crown Prince Carl Gustaf, during visits to the Royal palace. Last May it was announced that Mr. Douglas-Home had asked for Princess Margaretha's hand but had been refused.

He has formerly been a pianist at a London hotel, but has now gone into business and during his visit to Stockholm studied with a well-known firm of commercial publishers. An announcement from the Swedish court before Mr. Douglas-Home's departure said he would return during the spring but made no reference to an engagement.



A CHARMING INFORMAL STUDY OF PRINCESS MARGARETHA, WHICH WAS TAKEN RECENTLY IN STOCKHOLM.

THE NOTEBOOKS OF RUSKIN IN HIS PRIME.

"THE DIARIES OF JOHN RUSKIN, 1848-1873": Selected and Edited by JOAN EVANS AND JOHN HOWARD WHITEHOUSE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MANY years ago I saw somewhere a set of the Library Edition of John Ruskin's works. I don't know how many volumes there were, produced by the devoted labours of Sir Edward Cook and his colleague Wedderburn, but there were very many, each was as tall and thick as a family bible, and the effect left in my mind was not one of feet or yards of books, but of something more like acres. He had, of course, written voluminously, beautifully, and often brilliantly on painting, architecture and other arts. But when not busy in the sphere for which Nature had intended him, he let his mind loose in almost every field of human investigation and in almost every department of human social life. And being as incorrigibly energetic as he was curious and versatile, whatever he thought about he wrote about. The result was such a quantity of manuscripts that even now, nearly sixty years after his

period covered by this book ended, he had written a volume on Church discipline, a fairy-story, various books on drawing and perspective, and treatises on crystallisation and political economy; when, ultimately, he died as a Sage, Ruskin Halls and Ruskin Settlements were spreading all over the country because the leaders of the Young Labour Movement thought that he was a Torch Bearer of Progress.

He certainly meant well, and there are moments when I think that he ought to have been in the Salvation Army. He really did mean well to his fellow-men; but he knew very little about his fellow-men, from whom (it is a painful subject) he was cut off in many ways, and especially for the reason which led his young wife to win a nullity suit against him—the whole story, honestly told, may be found in a book written a few years ago by Admiral Sir William James, grandson of that wife and Millais the painter.

That marriage—pathetic union of an ineffective and fastidious man who thought "Effie" a beautiful subject for a drawing, and a beautiful adornment of his home full of Turner watercolours, and a normal girl who wanted a sympathetic mate and a tribe of children—broke up during the period covered by these Diaries. Little about Ruskin's private emotional life is recorded in them: great chunks of the Diaries were cut out by Ruskin himself before they got into the hands of pious disciples anxious to preserve and reproduce every accessible line for the benefit of people called "Ruskin Students." I am glad psychological tomb-robbing makes no appeal to me.

Perhaps Dr. Evans might have done a little more cutting. There are lovely passages in these Diaries—some of them certainly put down by Ruskin for use in future books, and not always improved in the transfer—about landscapes and buildings observed by Ruskin in his incessant travels abroad, in Switzerland, France and Italy, in the south-eastern suburbs of London, and in Oxford, and around Oxford. Wherever he goes he is what Thomas Hardy called himself: "A man with a noticing eye." Not a colour, not a tree or flower, not a bird or insect, not a rock-formation, not an Alp, not a glacier, not a tumbling river escaped his observation. Whenever he came to a picturesque village or an ancient building he sat down and drew it, and drew it exactly and beautifully. He himself, in "Fronde Agrestes," made selections from the loftier passages from his early writings. Some future Ruskin, I trust, will make selections from these Diaries, so full of gems, and so full also of boring commonplaces.

NOVEMBER 2ND, 11,441. Grey, blackish, damp, wretched morning; miserable foggy day.

NOVEMBER 3RD, 11,440. Dawn purple, flushed, delicate. Bank of grey cloud, heavy, at 6. Then the lighted purple cloud showing through it; open sky of dull yellow above, all grey, and darker scud going across it obliquely from the south west, moving fast yet never stirring from its peace, at last melting away. It expands into a sky of brassy flaked light on grey; passes away into grey morning.

NOVEMBER 4TH, 11,439. And ended in heavy warmth of day, and rain at night and miserable wet morning today.

NOVEMBER 5TH, 11,438. Perpetual fog.
NOVEMBER 6TH, 11,437. Perpetual fog. Whiter today but thicker.

NOVEMBER 7TH, 11,436. Fog.
NOVEMBER 8TH, 11,435. Fog.
NOVEMBER 9TH, 11,434. Fog.
NOVEMBER 10TH, 11,433. Fog.

On November 11 there is a little relief. Ruskin notes "bright orange dawn passing up through greenish amber into purple." And later on, after making a note of men mowing, birds singing and mist gathering, he rejoices in saying "it turned out a fine day, the sun warm at 10 o'clock on the arbutus' scarlet berries and white blossoms, and coral of the holly, the fuchsias still in flower; leaves full and even green on many trees. White long line of cloud on Norwood hills. It remained fine all day." Thereafter the more concise entries

are resumed. We come to "November the 26th, 11,417. Fog. No birds."

Four days after that he records "about 14 or 16 (starlings?) all pecking busily about the rose-tree on lawn yesterday. Very pugnacious, pecking one another petulantly if coming too near." He constantly mentions birds singing or being silent. He says on December 7, "dark morning, but birds loquacious, very sweetly and loudly." Much as this observer obviously knew about many branches of natural history, I feel rather uncertain as to his knowledge of birds. Being uncertain about a flock of starlings is rather a give-away.

As he gets older he becomes more and more frenzied about his work, and puts down at the beginning of each day's entry the name of the saint whose day it was. Here is an example: from 1873. "November 9th, Sunday. St. Theodore, martyr. Yesterday pouring and black. Wrote letter on Political Economy to *Scotsman*. Nice bit of *Fors*. Gave lessons in school and drew a robin on blotting paper."

The older he got, the more wandering was his mind. What the next volume of his Diaries will be like I cannot conceive. I suppose that more and more he will lose sight of his youthful passion for art, and increasingly envisage himself as an apostle.

The poor old man wasn't quite sane when he died. But he has left his memorials. He has left an illuminating mass of pages about painting, architecture and sculpture, and many passages about climbing in the Alps—or rather walking—which will continue to make the eyes of his juniors

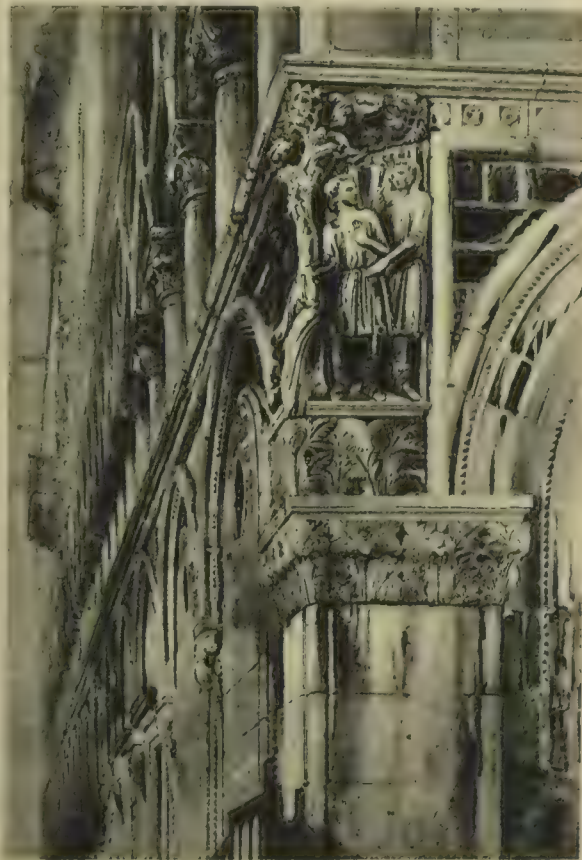


"AMIENS CATHEDRAL, DETAIL OF THE NORTH ARCH OF THE WEST ENTRANCE, 1856": FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN RUSKIN, NOW IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, OXFORD.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Diaries of John Ruskin, 1848-1873"; by courtesy of the Publishers, the Oxford University Press.

death, it need surprise nobody that Dr. Evans and the late Mr. Whitehouse have produced enormous diaries kept by him, of which the second volume is now before us, and the third is still to come.

Incessant industry and sustained excitement! No need ever to bother about money, for he was the coddled only son of a rich wine-merchant—I believe of Scottish extraction, which might account for Ruskin's propensity (which grew upon him) for preaching. The earliest of the Diary entries in this volume dates from 1848, when this grave and eager young man was twenty-nine—the same age as his Queen. By that time he had won at Oxford the Newdigate Prize for English verse (his collected poems in two volumes were later published and were rather prosy), he had studied painting and drawing under Copley Fielding and Harding, and, at twenty-four, had published the first volume of his "Modern Painters," which set out to prove the superiority of the English landscape painters, especially Turner, and was later expanded into a colossal work surveying an immensely wider sphere. When he was thirty "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" appeared, and shortly after that "The Stones of Venice," which, I maintain, is still the best guide to the monuments of that inexhaustibly enchanting city. These volumes were illustrated by the author himself: so is this one, by watercolours not unworthy of Cotman, and detailed architectural drawings which might well have been acknowledged by Holland, Prout, or David Roberts. Before the



ANOTHER ARCHITECTURAL STUDY BY JOHN RUSKIN, PROBABLY DATING FROM 1869: "FACADE OF THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE: 'THE VINE ANGEL.'" NOW IN THE MANCHESTER CITY ART GALLERY.

brighter and more vigilant. Walter De La Mare remarked that all we love:

Beauty took from those who loved them
In other days.

Wandering over the flowery slopes of Ruskin's prose, I feel that my life has been much enriched by him.

Had these Diaries had no other interest to me, I should have welcomed them for the reproductions of Ruskin's exquisite drawing now scattered in two continents. Whatever his defects he could certainly draw.

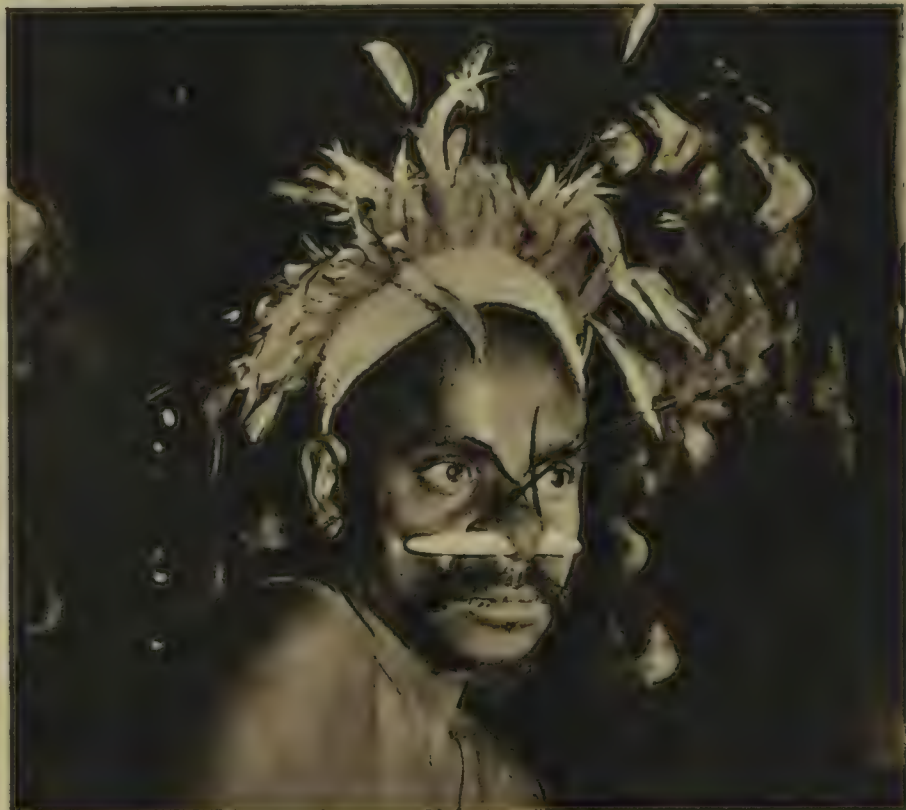
* "The Diaries of John Ruskin, 1848-1873": Selected and Edited by Joan Evans and John Howard Whitehouse. Illustrated. (Oxford University Press; 70s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 446 of this issue.

IN A CENTRAL NEW GUINEA VALLEY: A PRIMITIVE STONE AGE PEOPLE.



HOLDING A BIRD OF PARADISE: A YOUNG GIRL OF THE TELEFOLMIN VALLEY, WHICH LIES DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CENTRAL NEW GUINEA.



(Above.) A TRIBESMAN WEARING HIS COLOURFUL CEREMONIAL HEAD-DRESS OF PARROT PLUMES ABOVE A WOVEN HEAD-BAND OF SHELLS.

(Right.) OBVIOUSLY SUSPICIOUS OF THE CAMERA: A HUNTER WITH A DOG-TOOTH COLLAR AND CASSOWARY QUILLS THROUGH HIS NOSTRILS.



A TRIBESMAN WEARING A THREE-TIERED HEADDRESS WITH A SHELL HEADBAND, A CIRCLET OF TEETH, AND FINALLY BIRDS' TAIL FEATHERS AND FURRY ANIMAL TAILS.



NEARING THE END OF HIS DAYS BUT STILL A MAN OF GREAT AUTHORITY IN THE VICTOR EMANUEL MOUNTAINS: FEMSEP, THE HEADMAN OF THE VILLAGE WHERE MOST OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN, WHO PROVED TO BE AN EXCEPTIONAL AUTHORITY ON THE BIRD LIFE OF HIS COUNTRY.

THE remote mountain valleys in the hinterland of Central New Guinea are still largely untouched by Western civilisation, and it is only in recent years that the Australian Division of Native Affairs has spread its authority among many of them. In one such valley—lying among the headwaters of the River Sepik between the Victor Emanuel and the Hindenberg Mountains—a secret airfield was built during the war years at a place called Telefomin. After the war this penetration by white men was consolidated when, in 1949, the region was brought under Government control with the arrival of two patrol officers of the Australian Division of Native Affairs. Early in 1954 the American ornithologist, Mr. E. Thomas Gilliard, who is an Assistant Curator in the Department of Birds at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, was able to visit the Telefomin region in search of the rare species known to abound there. Mr. Gilliard was accompanied by his wife, and they took the photographs published on this and the following three pages. These were reproduced as illustrations to Mr. Gilliard's article, "A Stone Age Naturalist," in the September 1957 issue of *Natural History*.

IN THE TELEFOLMIN REGION OF NEW GUINEA: HOUSES IN A NATIVE VILLAGE.



SHOWING THE TELEFOLMIN VALLEY, LYING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS NEAR THE HEADWATERS OF THE RIVER SEPIK: A MAP OF THE CENTRAL AREA OF NEW GUINEA. (Drawn by Miss Joan Duggan.)



BUILT ON WOODEN STILTS DRIVEN INTO THE ROUGH GROUND: A TYPICAL VILLAGE HOUSE IN THE TELEFOLMIN REGION. THE ENTRANCE IS CUT INTO A DECORATED SHIELD-LIKE PANEL.



OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO A HOUSE WITH A DECORATED PANEL ABOVE IT: A HUNTSMAN CARRYING HIS BOW, SPEARS AND OTHER WEAPONS.



SOMEWHAT BAFLED BY WHAT WAS PROBABLY THEIR FIRST SIGHT OF A CAMERA: A WOMAN AND CHILDREN OUTSIDE A VILLAGE HOUSE.



WITH SOME OF THE VICTOR EMANUEL MOUNTAINS IN THE BACKGROUND: TWO HOUSES IN A CORNER OF A TELEFOLMIN REGION VILLAGE.



A BABY ABOUT TO GO THROUGH THE OVAL ENTRANCE OF A HOUSE, WITH A PARAFFIN TIN HANGING NEAR IT AS A SIGN OF MODERN ENCROACHMENTS.

Though the Australian Division of Native Affairs has gradually spread its authority to most of the tribes living in the remote areas of Central New Guinea, life among the tribesmen is still extremely primitive. Before the coming of white Government the tribes often wandered far from their own territory and came to blows with other tribes—the result of which was usually some more coveted human skulls to place in the “House of Mystery.”

To-day these feuds are becoming a rarity. The able-bodied men have to spend four days each month working for the Government, and in many areas the district officers have quickly been followed by missionaries. But life among the people of the Telefolmin Valley is to-day still much the same as it has been for centuries—a simple life based largely on hunting and searching for food among the forests.

THE "HOUSE OF MYSTERY": A DOMINANT FEATURE IN A NEW GUINEA ABORIGINE VILLAGE.



THE SUBJECT OF MANY STRANGE TALES: THE LARGE "HOUSE OF MYSTERY" (RIGHT) DOMINATING FEMSEP'S VILLAGE. THE MEN ARE PART OF MR. GILLIARD'S GUARD.



THE ONLY ENTRANCE INTO THE "HOUSE OF MYSTERY": MEN CLIMBING UP THE LADDER AND THROUGH THE HOLE HIGH UP IN THE WALL. THIS BUILDING IS STRONGLY PROTECTED AGAINST ATTACK AND SURROUNDED BY A FENCE.



INSIDE THE "HOUSE OF MYSTERY": A VILLAGER PROUDLY DISPLAYING A PRECIOUS TROPHY—A HUMAN SKULL PRESERVED IN A NET BAG.

After some weeks in the Telefomin area Mr. Gilliard and his party were allowed to visit Femsep—a noted local authority on birds and a man of great authority in the Victor Emanuel Mountains. Femsep (whose photograph is shown on page 424) was implicated in the murder of two Australian patrol officers in the area some time earlier, and he had only been allowed to return to his village because he was mortally sick. Femsep's village was dominated by an exceptionally large building—the "House of Mystery."

Here the men of the village gathered at dusk, and they spent the night in this "place of eerie voices and sounds, about which many strange tales were whispered." Heavily protected against attack and with arrow portholes in the walls, it has only one entrance, high up in a wall and reached by a ladder. Inside, the thatched walls are hung with hundreds of pigs' jaws, while the greatest treasures kept in the "House of Mystery" are the carefully preserved human skulls—relics of feuds of the distant, and not so distant past.



INTERIOR DECORATION IN A NEW GUINEA ABORIGINE VILLAGE: A TRIBESMAN PROUDLY HOLDING A PAINTED SHIELD AGAINST A WALL LINED WITH PIGS' JAWS IN THE "HOUSE OF MYSTERY" OF FEMSEP'S VILLAGE.



REPRESENTATIVE OF THE HIGH STANDARDS ACHIEVED BY BRITAIN'S LEADING BALLET COMPANY: A MAGNIFICENT SCENE FROM THE ROYAL BALLET'S PRODUCTION OF "SYLVIA."

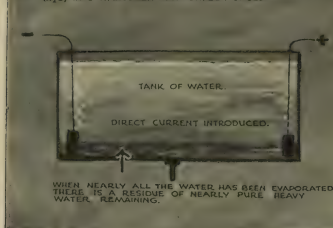
Fresh from another triumphant tour of America the Royal Ballet opened its 1958 Spring Season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on February 19 with its sixty-third performance of Frederick Ashton's very popular version of Léo Delibes' ballet "Sylvia." The first performance of this impressive production was given at Covent Garden on September 3, 1952, when the three principal rôles were taken by the same dancers—Dame Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes and Alexander Grant—who performed on February 19. This photograph, which dates from 1952, shows one of the magnificent ensembles in the thrilling final act of "Sylvia." Seen in the centre of the group (from l. to r.) are Michael Somes as Aminta, Alexander Grant as Eros, and Dame

Margot Fonteyn in the title-rôle. The three-act ballet of "Sylvia, ou La Nymphé de Diane," with choreography by Louis Mérante, to the delightful music of Léo Delibes, was first performed in Paris in 1876. The Royal Ballet's production is an entirely new version, also in three acts, with choreography by Frederick Ashton. The rich scenery, reminiscent of classical French paintings, and the graceful costumes, were designed by Robin and Christopher Ironside. The story is based on Tasso's poem "Aminta." It concerns the love of Sylvia, a nymph of Diana, and the shepherd Aminta. Orion, the robber Khan, is, however, determined to possess Sylvia, and carries her off to his grotto palace in the depths of the forest. Sylvia eludes his advances and

escapes with the assistance of Eros, who re-unites the lovers. Diana intervenes, kills Orion, and ultimately accepts, with Eros, the grateful homage of the lovers. Formal, but extremely graceful, "Sylvia" has become one of the most popular full-length ballets in the Royal Ballet's repertoire. It was included in the recent American tour and will also be performed during the company's next foreign tour, which will be in Brussels at the time of the International Exhibition. The first performance at Brussels will be given in the newly-built Exhibition Hall on May 26, and on May 28 the company will transfer to the Théâtre Royale de la Monnaie. In May 1956 the Sadler's Wells Ballet, as it then was, celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday, and received

widespread recognition of its triumphant progress, which had made it one of the world's leading ballet companies. Early in 1957, on January 16, it was announced that the Queen had honoured the company and its subsidiaries by granting a Royal Charter of incorporation, with the general title of the Royal Ballet. Her Majesty consented to be Patron, and Princess Margaret became the first President of the Royal Ballet. Now in the midst of yet another most successful season at Covent Garden, the Royal Ballet continues to give its many supporters in this country the pleasure of knowing that the highest standards of ballet are being achieved by a British company, most of whose principal dancers are British-born. (Photograph by Felix Fonteyn.)

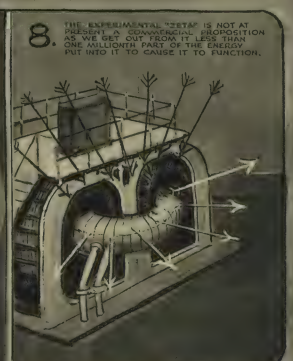
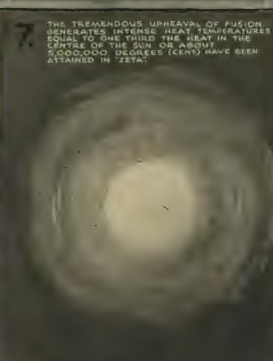
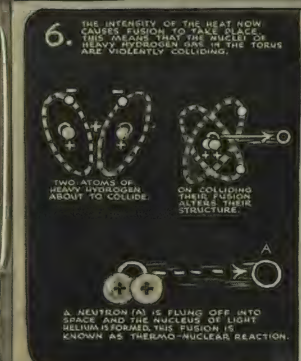
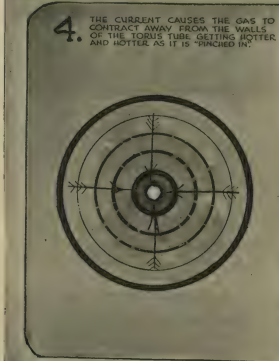
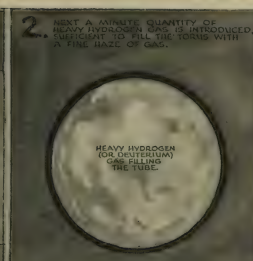
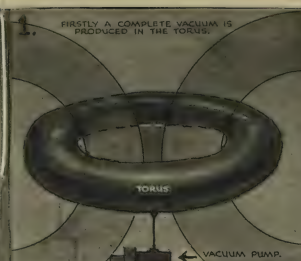
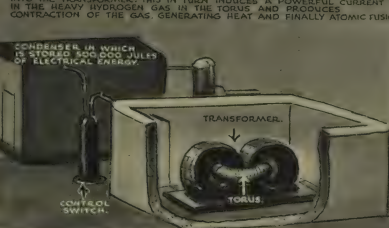
WATER AS A SOURCE OF FUEL. CURRENT IS INTRODUCED INTO THE TANK WHICH BREAKS DOWN ITS COMPONENTS (H_2O) INTO HYDROGEN AND OXYGEN GASES.



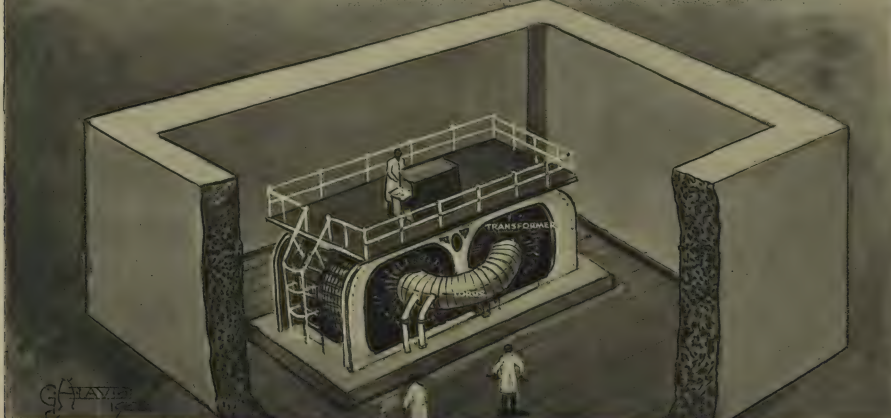
THE HEAVY WATER IS DRAWN OFF INTO A SEALED CONTAINER.



IN SIMPLE FORM "ZETA" CONSISTS OF A CONDENSER, IN WHICH IS STORED A VAST AMOUNT OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY WHICH IS DISCHARGED INTO THE TRANSFORMER. THIS IN TURN INDUCES A POWERFUL CURRENT IN THE HEAVY HYDROGEN GAS IN THE TORUS AND PRODUCES CONTRACTION OF THE GAS, GENERATING HEAT AND FINALLY ATOMIC FUSION.



THE EXPERIMENTAL 'ZETA' AT HARWELL IS APPROXIMATELY 20 FEET IN HEIGHT, AND THE TORUS TUBE IS 3 FEET IN DIAMETER, AND 9 FT. ACROSS. 'ZETA' IS SITED IN A CONCRETE BOX TO 'CATCH' NEUTRONS SHOT OFF INTO SPACE DURING THE FUSION. IT COST £300,000 TO BUILD.



THE QUEST TO WIN AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLY OF POWER FROM CONTROLLED ATOMIC

Soon after the news of the important advances made in the harnessing of the power of fusion reactions was released in January, it was announced that modifications were to be made to Zeta, the apparatus at Harwell in which some of the most notable results of recent experiments have been obtained. Zeta, which was illustrated in our issue of February 1, was to be modified for the purpose of attaining still higher temperatures and of holding them for longer periods. Improvements on Zeta are also to be attempted in Australia with the aid of unique equipment known as the homopolar generator. In our drawing, the way in which Zeta works, and the possible layout of a future power station are illustrated. The heavy hydrogen or deuterium gas is obtained from ordinary water by electrical means, and the torus is then filled with the gas at very low pressure. The

atom of heavy hydrogen differs from that of ordinary hydrogen in having a nucleus formed of a neutron and a proton, the hydrogen nucleus consisting simply of a proton. The electrical discharge causes very high temperatures in the gas, at the centre of the torus, and in these conditions the deuterium nuclei are moving about at speeds sufficient to allow fusion to take place. With fusion a very large amount of energy is released. The reaction produces an atom of light helium from two atoms of heavy hydrogen; in the light helium nucleus there is a neutron and two protons, and one neutron, as shown, is shot off into space. In the experiments at Harwell, the number of neutrons produced at each electrical pulse increased greatly with a rise in temperature from 2 million to 5 million degrees centigrade. It is not certain, however, that all the neutrons come from a true

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with



FUSION: DRAWINGS OF ZETA, AND A FUTURE THERMONUCLEAR POWER STATION.

thermonuclear process and research to settle this question is continuing. The great energy released when fusion takes place is similar to that obtained from the fission or splitting of atomic nuclei, the reaction employed in existing atomic power stations. Great heat is required before the fusion of deuterium can be brought about because the protons in each nucleus strongly repel each other, and only when the gas is very hot do the nuclei have sufficient speed to overcome this electrical repulsion between them. At temperatures far below those necessary for fusion ordinary matter is vaporised, and thus the success of Zeta depends on the fact that during the discharge the deuterium is drawn to the centre of the torus, a phenomenon known as the pinch effect. As the hot gas tends to strike out from the centre, additional stabilisation is provided by a magnetic field, and it is

hoped that more elaborate magnetic 'containers' will enable the fusion zone to be held together for longer periods of time. Temperatures obtained in Zeta are measured by studying the light emitted, which varies with temperature. Success in controlling the fusion reaction economically, for which a temperature of between 100 and 500 million degrees centigrade will be necessary and which is not expected to be attained for some years, will provide an unlimited supply of power—as heavy hydrogen is abundant in nature—and will not, as with present atomic power stations, lead to the production of dangerous radio-active by-products. One advantage future thermonuclear power stations are likely to have over those using coal, oil or atomic fission is the ability to generate electric current direct from the reaction, as illustrated, and not by means of a steam plant.

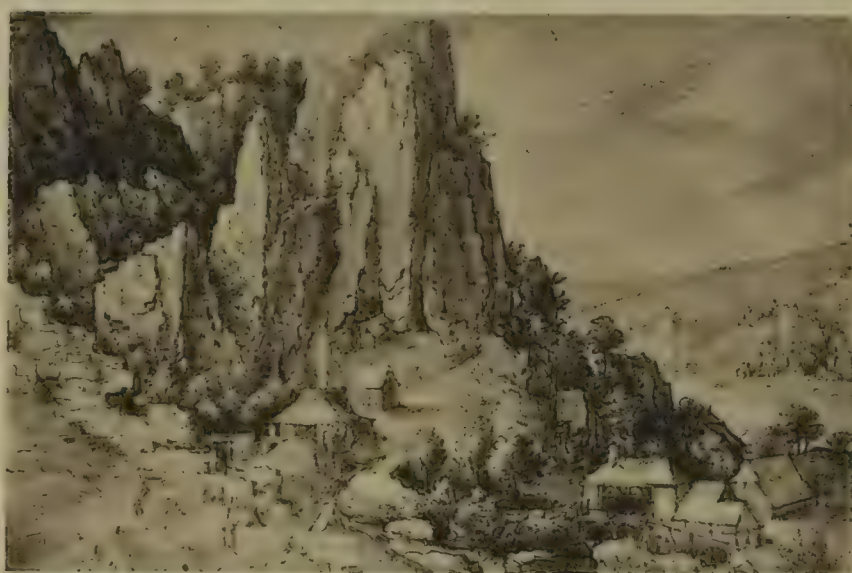
the co-operation of the Atomic Energy Authority.

OLD MASTER DRAWINGS: FROM THE PAUL OPPE COLLECTION EXHIBITION.



"THE RAMPARTS OF A TOWN IN THE NETHERLANDS," ATTRIBUTED BY AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY

INSCRIPTION TO JAN BRUEGHEL THE ELDER (1568-1625), BUT SEEMINGLY SOMEWHAT EARLIER IN STYLE. (Pen and ink: 7½ by 11½ ins.)



"ROCKY LANDSCAPE WITH MINE-WORKINGS," A DELICATE DRAWING BY LUCAS VAN VALCKENBERG (?1530-1597), WHICH WAS ACQUIRED BY MR. OPPE IN 1948. (Pen and light water-colour: 11½ by 16½ ins.)



"A STAGHUNT," BY JAN WYCK (c. 1645-1702). THE EXHIBITION OF ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS AND OLD MASTER DRAWINGS FROM THE PAUL OPPE COLLECTION CONTINUES IN THE DIPLOMA GALLERY UNTIL JUNE 1. (Gouache: 18½ by 13 ins.)



"A DRAKE": A SUPERB DRAWING BY GIOVANNI NANNI DA UDINE (1487-1564), WHICH MR. PAUL OPPE ACQUIRED IN 1919. (Water-colour and tempera: 16½ by 10½ ins.)



"THE INSTITUTION OF THE EUCHARIST": THE SKETCH FOR A PAINTING BY FEDERIGO BAROCCI (1526-1612). (Pen and ink and brown wash with oil and body-colour, over black chalk, squared for enlargement: 20½ by 14½ ins.)



"OLD MAN KNEELING, WITH CHILD ON HIS BACK," BY MICHELANGELO MERISI DA CARAVAGGIO (1573-1610). (Pen and brown ink, brown wash, over sanguine: 5½ by 6½ ins.)



"ROMAN CHARITY," BY GIOVANNI FRANCESCO BARBIERI, CALLED GUERCINO (1591-1666), ACQUIRED IN 1919 AND PREVIOUSLY IN THE NORTHWICK COLLECTION. (Pen and wash: 7½ by 9½ ins.)

The Exhibition of Works from the Paul Oppé Collection, which opens to the public to-day (March 15) in the Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy, consists of 453 English Water-colours and Old Master Drawings. Paul Oppé (1878-1957) was one of the most distinguished English collectors of this century, and this selection from his collection provides the opportunity to see many fine drawings. Most of the foreign Old Master drawings are hung

in the East Gallery. The majority are Italian, but there are also important groups of French, Dutch and Flemish drawings. The outstanding Udine drawing of a drake shown here was probably part of a decoration or of a cartoon for a fresco or tapestry. It is to be compared with the herons in the foreground of Raphael's cartoon "The Miraculous Draught," which are also credited to Giovanni da Udine, his Venetian assistant.

ENGLISH DRAWINGS FROM THE OPPE COLLECTION: AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



"WYCOMBE FROM THE MARLOW ROAD," BY J. M. W. TURNER (1775-1851). THERE ARE ALSO FOUR OF TURNER'S STUDIES OF VESUVIUS IN THIS EXHIBITION. (Water-colour: 6 by 8½ ins.)



"VERONA, PIAZZA DELL' ERBE," BY RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON (1802-1828). ACQUIRED BY MR. OPPE IN 1952. (Water-colour over pencil indications, a little body-colour: 8½ by 10½ ins.)



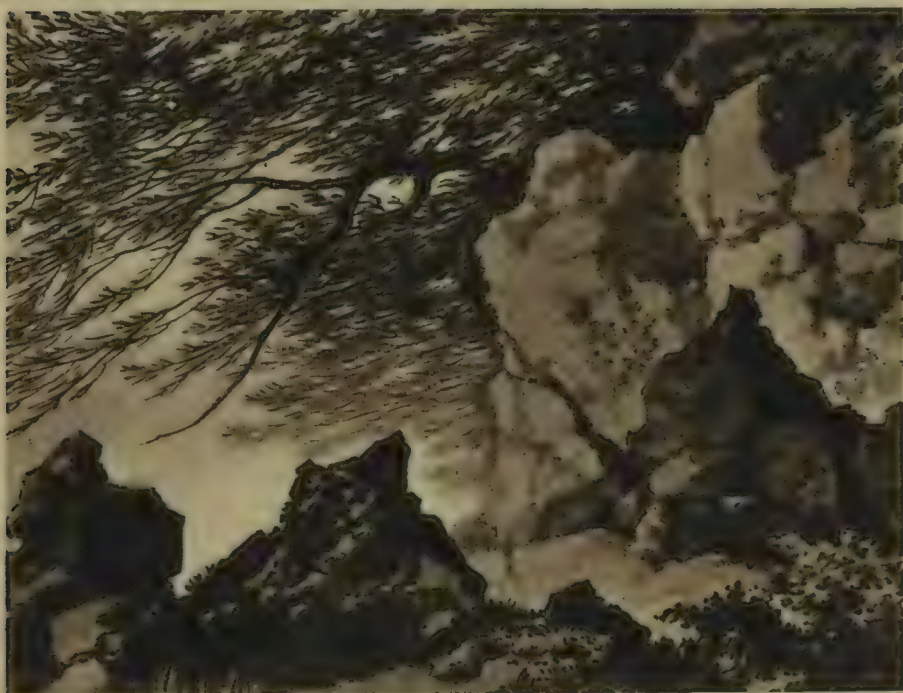
"A TREE TRUNK NEAR ALBANO": IN THE FINE GROUP OF DRAWINGS BY JOHN DOWNMAN, A.R.A. (1750-1824). (Pen and water-colour, the paper stained yellow: 21½ by 15½ ins.)



"A LADY IN FULL DRESS": ONE OF A PAIR BEARING HORACE WALPOLE'S ASCRIPTION TO SAMUEL SCOTT (1710-1772). (Water-colour: 9½ by 6 ins.)



"WATERFALL NEAR AMBLESIDE, 1786": IN THE LARGE GROUP OF DRAWINGS BY FRANCIS TOWNE (c.1740-1816) IN THIS DIPLOMA GALLERY EXHIBITION OF WORKS FROM THE OPPE COLLECTION. (Pen and water-colour: 14½ by 10½ ins.)



"TREES AND ROCKS": A SIGNED DRAWING IN THE SUPERB GROUP OF THE WORK OF ALEXANDER COZENS (c.1717-1786) ON WHOM MR. OPPE WAS A NOTED AUTHORITY. (Grey and black washes on toned paper: 9 by 12 ins.)



"STUDY OF SKY NO. 4 WITH LANDSCAPE": ONE OF ALEXANDER COZENS' FAMOUS SKY STUDIES IN WHICH THE PAUL OPPE COLLECTION IS PARTICULARLY RICH. (Pencil and brown wash on varnished paper: 8½ by 12½ ins.)

The first three galleries in the Royal Academy's Diploma Gallery Exhibition of Works from the Paul Oppé Collection are devoted principally to English water-colours and drawings—a sphere in which Mr. Oppé, who died last March, was not only a most gifted collector, but also one of the outstanding authorities of our time. Among his earliest interests was the work of Alexander Cozens, by whom he owned 148 drawings, the first of which he bought in 1909. The South Gallery is dominated by the superb group of some forty-four

Alexander Cozens drawings, and there are also important groups of the work of Richard Wilson, John Downman and Francis Towne. In the West Gallery William Taverner, Nathaniel Dance, J. S. Cotman, Thomas Girtin, and J. M. W. Turner are among those represented. The North Gallery contains important groups of marine, animal and caricature drawings, and works by some later English artists. This important selection from Mr. Oppé's collection is to be seen in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House until June 1.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IN France, and especially in country districts, they had a pleasant way of advertising that "wine is sold here" by hanging out a vine bush, or perhaps a

bundle of vine prunings. Hence the saying that "good wine needs no bush," the implication being, of course, that where the wine is good, the fact needs no advertising. Folk will soon find out, and flock accordingly. Personally, I would always be glad to see the proverbial bush, or any other indicator, provided that the wine *really was good*—and the price reasonable.

In gardening the old bush proverb becomes nonsense. A really good bush needs and deserves all the "bush" it can get, all the honest, genuine recommendation that is needed to make it known and grown among good plant-lovers. It often astonishes me when I see some absolutely first-rate plant—tree, bush or herbaceous—to realise how very seldom I have met it in gardens, despite the fact that it has been in cultivation and quite easily available for thirty, forty or fifty years. Sometimes even more. But then I tell myself that of course we can not all grow all the lovely plants there are all the time. Against that, however, is the dreary fact of the heavy proportion of second- and third-rate plants taking up space in the majority of gardens, space which might well accommodate better and lovelier things.

It is really very foolish how we allow inferior vegetation to establish vested interests, squatter's rights, in our gardens, merely by the fact that they happen to be there, and have been there for a number of years, or for as long as we can remember. All too often a garden in the early stages of its making gets stuffed up with trashy shrubs which are planted by way of filling up, or because the choicer sorts would look so lonely without them. They get planted, too, because they are inexpensive to buy. Later, these space-fillers tend to get left, largely because they have become well established—too well—and it would be a pity to move them. This applies especially to trees and shrubs. And so the owner imagines that he has no room for the far lovelier shrubs, especially flowering shrubs, which he is continually meeting elsewhere, at shows, in the good gardens of good friends, and in well-illustrated garden books and nursery catalogues. It is largely for this reason that I often find myself writing about plants and shrubs of outstanding merit which I feel really do deserve an outside "bush" to make them better known, and more often grown, and I make no apology if I have hung out bushes on their behalf on more than one occasion. It is often the best bushes which are most in need of a bush.

Such a shrub is *Abeliophyllum distichum*. How and why I came to

"BUSH" FOR A GOOD BUSH.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

plant it in my garden about five years ago I can not remember. Probably I saw a flowering specimen at one of the R.H.S. spring shows in London and had the sense to order one. Anyway, buy it and plant it I did, giving it a position at the foot of the west wall of my house. I chose that particular spot, not because I was in any doubt as to its hardiness, but because I knew that it flowers early, mid- to late February, and that flowers which come at that time of year are apt to become rimed with hoar frost. It is the effect of sunshine striking on the frosted flowers which does the damage. Backed by a west wall the hoar frost usually has time to melt before the sun gets round to it. I did not train my *Abeliophyllum* close in to the wall, but owing to its

flowered a little, providing a few small but most welcome sprigs of fragrant white blossom, at a time when there was little else flowering in the garden. But this spring—or perhaps I should say winter—it has really sat up and shown what *Abeliophyllum* can do when it tries. I had noticed that its many dark, slender twigs and branches were thickly set with flower buds, and then for several days in mid-February I went into the garden as little as possible. Snow, sleet, frost, rain and gales made it several overcoats colder than normal. Genuine log-fireside weather.

Then, one morning, something took me into the garden, and past *Abeliophyllum*, and that wonderful bush gave me a big and enchanting surprise. It had rushed into full blossom almost, it seemed, over night. Every twig and slender stem was strung with tufts and clusters of small, fragrant white blossoms. Myriads of them. And the contrast of their whiteness with the almost black stems is most striking. In formation each flower is uncommonly like a forsythia. The same four petals. Each measures about half an inch across—which is smaller than it may sound—pure white, with a slight rosy flush, and they are sweetly scented. Reactions to the perfume which *Abeliophyllum* uses vary. Some folk think it delicious, whilst others pronounce it abominable. Not that it matters. Smell, surely, is in the nose of the sniffer, and sniffing around *Abeliophyllum* is optional, and the fragrance is strictly short-range. The important thing is that

here is a hardy, easily-grown shrub, with no special fads as to soil, which flowers abundantly in mid- and late February, which is surely the deadest season of all the year in the open garden. And not only are its flowers fragrant, its slender, graceful sprays and branches are exceptionally attractive for cutting for the house and last reasonably in water.

I have not yet tried *Abeliophyllum distichum* as a pot-plant, for bringing into flower in the unheated greenhouse, but I feel pretty sure that it would be excellent for this purpose. The plant is quite easy to strike from cuttings of half-ripe wood in a pot of silver sand, or very sandy soil in a frame. Related to forsythia—a member of the same natural order, Oleaceae—*Abeliophyllum* is a native of Korea and was introduced in 1924. There is no doubt as to its hardiness, and given an open sunny position shaded from early morning sun, it is very well worth planting. As to finding room for it, I merely repeat that in most gardens, especially those which seem already overcrowded, there is almost always some relatively or wholly worthless shrub which would be better howked out in favour of *Abeliophyllum distichum*. What about that offensively prosperous privet?



A KOREAN RELATION OF FORSYTHIA AND PRODUCING ABUNDANT ROSY-WHITE FLOWERS OF PLEASING FRAGRANCE IN MID- TO LATE FEBRUARY: *ABELIOPHYLLUM DISTICHUM*, A SMALL SHRUB WHICH WAS INTRODUCED TO THIS COUNTRY IN 1924. (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

inclination to flop forward away from the wall, I put in a stake and gave the shrub the support of a few loose ties, and from that it has grown exactly as it wished. It has formed a slender, much-branched bush about 5 ft. tall. Last year it

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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THE ROOF SECTION OF THE ROOF HOUSE DEMONSTRATED AS A COMPLETE RESIDENCE. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE ROUND HOUSE.



FOR THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD ONLY PART OF A HOUSE AT A TIME: ADDING A GROUND FLOOR TO THE RAISED ROOF SECTION.



SLIDING THE GROUND FLOOR SECTION INTO PLACE, TO GIVE THE ROOF HOUSE MORE SPACE AND A MORE CONVENTIONAL APPEARANCE.

Three of the houses in the village at the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition will appeal to those who need a home but cannot afford a large sum. The roof house, which is designed in Germany, can be bought in two parts. The roof section, which is naturally bought first, provides in itself pleasant if somewhat confined accommodation. When the time comes for domestic expansion, the pyramidal roof section can simply be raised and a ground

AT OLYMPIA: AN IDEAL HOME WHICH CAN BE BOUGHT IN TWO HALVES.

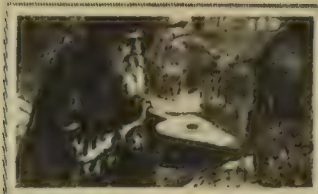


SHOWING AN ADVANTAGE OF THE STEEPLY-SLOPED ROOF: THE CHILDREN'S NURSERY IN THE ROOF HOUSE.

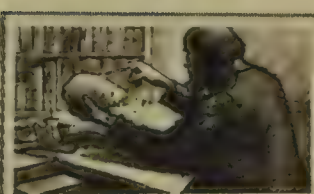


IN A RESIDENCE MADE FOR TWO: THE PLEASANT-LOOKING DOUBLE BEDROOM IN THE UPPER PART OF THE ROOF HOUSE.

floor section inserted neatly underneath it. Also in the village is a £1000 house, and the round house, which is again designed in Germany. The round house is about 15 ft. across and 13 ft. high, and costs about £425 unfurnished. It does not need foundations and was designed for easy transportation in the tropics. This year the Ideal Home Exhibition, which continues at Olympia until March 29, celebrates its Golden Jubilee.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



PREENING is mainly associated to-day with birds and in a more limited sense with vain or conceited persons. It seems probable that the latter may have been the earlier use. The word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon for a brooch, clasp or pin. As a verb it meant to sew, stitch, pierce and a few other actions, all connected with the use of clothing. Its application to the action of a bird's beak used in dressing the feathers appears to have come in later, a corruption, according to some authorities, of the verb to prune, which took on its present form perhaps by association with the



A RAVEN PREENING AFTER A BATH. THE RESULT OF PREENING IS THAT THE PLUMAGE IS KEPT IN GOOD ORDER, BUT THE ACTIONS GIVING RISE TO IT SEEM TO SPRING FROM PATTERNS OF ACTION MORE DEEPLY SEATED THAN THE NEED FOR CLEANLINESS.

similar actions in human beings. And that brings us to the present day, when to say a bird is preening we mean it is trimming its feathers, anointing them with oil from the preen-gland at the base of the tail and carrying out other actions that will make the plumage neat and well-groomed. Preening is, in effect, the most important part of a bird's toilet.

There are times, in the course of a bird's daily routine, when preening takes on almost the appearance of a ritual, as after a bath, when one function of it is to rid the feathers of water, and after sun-bathing. There seems also to be another, at least with the starlings in my garden. This may be peculiar to gregarious birds, but I need to see more to be sure, or even to be sure that it is characteristic of all our starlings. Round about noon on several days now, I have seen the starlings singing, with the accompaniment of much wing flicking, and interspersing this with preening. It is indulged in simultaneously by all the starlings within view, and it has a rising tempo, reaching almost a pitch of ecstasy before suddenly ceasing.

Just outside my study window rises a small group of tall cypresses. The small song-birds come, one after the other, to perch in their lower branches, as if taking cover for a short spell of rest during the daily activities. There is a fairly steady procession of them. Some seem almost to drop off to sleep for a while, but all punctuate their stay with frequent and fidgety preening movements, giving the impression that they are disturbed by skin parasites. This may or may not be the case, but one thing can be noted, that aviary birds known to be free of parasites behave similarly.

If we add together what I have called the ritual preening, the infectious preening, as in the starlings, and the numerous spasmodic and small preening actions seen throughout the day, a bird's preening

PREENING AND GROOMING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

must represent a fair percentage of the total daily round. This suggests that while it may have the function of a necessary toilet its origins are deeper than this. Perhaps a clue can be seen in the grooming carried out by mammals, which is strictly comparable.

I have just watched a grey squirrel at the bottom of the garden. It romped vigorously for a while before coming to rest in a squatting position on a stump of a branch. There it groomed itself vigorously for a while, and the actions were carried out in a definite sequence. It scratched the right shoulder and under the armpit with its hind-leg, then scratched its thigh with its forepaw. After this, it carried out these same movements on the left side of the body. Then it nibbled at the fur at the root of the tail, its head turned to the right to reach the spot; and repeated this on the left. It scratched behind the right ear with the hind-paw, and repeated this on the left side. After a few more such actions, each carried out on first the right then the left side of the body, it stroked its whiskers with both front-paws simultaneously.

When this session was over it took one or two somersault tumbles round the branches, came back to the original spot, settled itself along what remained of the branch, and curled its tail over its back. It has remained in that position, without moving a muscle, with eyes half-closed, for the last fifteen minutes. If the actions I have detailed were to trim the fur or to deal with parasites, then most of the body was left untouched. The regularity with which each movement was carried out, first on one side, then on the other side of the body, suggests something other than an irritation due to parasites. Finally, if the grooming had anything to do with parasites, it can only be presumed that they went to sleep when their host did.

It is now twenty minutes since the squirrel settled itself to sleep and still there is no movement. During that time, I have written these few words, with one eye all the time on the squirrel, and for most of the time two eyes, watching and pondering. It occurred to me during the course of this time, while pondering the problem of the squirrel's toilet, that I have repeatedly, using my left hand, the only one free, stroked my chin, scratched behind my ear and scratched my head—grooming.

There is an old legend, that the ermine is so jealous of the cleanliness of its fur that it will die rather than sully it. The legend goes further, that if ringed around with a continuous wall of mud the ermine will die rather than try to break out, and sully the fur in doing so. The story may be amusing by our standards, but it is clearly meant to express, by allegory, an observed fact, that the fur of wild animals, not of the ermine alone, is kept in good condition. We have to remember that the word "groom" is a Scots word, probably from the Old Danish, meaning a person of mean estate or a manservant, later applied to one who kept horses clean. I do not remember any word in the mediæval literature to denote what we now call grooming, as applied to animal's toilet, nor any reference to animal cleanliness, except the ermine legend.

It has always surprised me that rabbits, foxes, and the like, that sleep on bare earth, as well as running over bare ground when awake, should have such a clean pelt, even in the wettest and muddiest periods of the year. Nobody would suppose that any such animal would be aware of the state of its fur and would consciously set about cleaning. It might, stimulated by an uncomfortable feeling where the fur was badly soiled, give particular attention to a local patch, but good grooming demands more than this. It must, therefore, to be effective, consist of a pattern of behaviour that is carried out whether the fur is clean or soiled. Such an idea is supported by the observation that each species has a characteristic pattern of grooming. A cat, for example, cleans itself in a totally different way from a dog, which grooms mainly the paws and the area of the groin. Naturally, if we breed dogs for long hair and then pervert their instincts they will fail to keep themselves clean. The pattern of their grooming has not yet caught up with the effects of man's interference.

Birds also have specific characteristics in preening but they are less obvious. Even so, there are extremes which emphasise the point. Thus, an owl's preening is markedly different from that of a sparrow.

There are times when birds indulge in what has been called false-preening. It is one of the so-called displacement activities. That is, when two impulses are in conflict, action is released along a third line, irrelevant to the situation. A bird on its nest when disturbed may be in the throes of conflict, whether to stay and guard the nest or take



GROOMING ITS TAIL: A GREY SQUIRREL COMPLETING ITS TOILETTE AFTER GROOMING THE REST OF ITS BODY BY A ROUTINE WHICH CONSISTS OF SCRATCHING OR NIBBLING THE FUR, EACH ACTION BEING CARRIED OUT FIRST ON ONE SIDE, THEN ON THE OTHER.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

refuge in flight. It may, in these circumstances, go through the action of preening.

Incidentally, while writing this there have been many moments when I could not make up my mind whether to write this sentence or that. At such moments I have again caught myself scratching my hairless chin or scratching the hair on my head. So, it would seem that preening and grooming are deep-seated patterns of action which only secondarily result in cleaning.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND NOTABLE OCCASIONS.



THE EUROPEAN TABLE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS: MEMBERS OF THE VICTORIOUS BRITISH WOMEN'S TEAM WITH THEIR PRIZES.
In the first European table tennis championships, at Budapest from March 2-9, England beat Rumania 3-1 to win the final of the women's team event. Above (l. to r.) are Miss Rook, Mrs. Collins, the captain of the English team, and Miss Hayden.



BENEFACTOR AND BUSINESS MAN: THE LATE MR. BARROW CADBURY.

Mr. Barrow Cadbury, the oldest surviving member of the well-known cocoa and chocolate-making firm of Cadbury, died on March 9, aged 95. He was an active and devoted member of the Society of Friends and a generous benefactor of the City of Birmingham. He joined the family firm in 1882 and became its chairman in 1922.



THE SECRETARY OF ENGLISH FREEMASONRY DIES: SIR S. WHITE.

Sir Sydney White, the Grand Secretary of the Freemasons of England since 1937, died on March 9. He had served under five Grand Masters, all of whom paid tribute to the efficient way in which he carried out his duties. He officially represented English Freemasonry on missions in Australia and Newfoundland.



PAKISTAN'S PERMANENT REPRESENTATIVE AT THE UNITED NATIONS: PRINCE ALY KHAN (RIGHT), WITH MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD.
Prince Aly Khan presented his credentials to Mr. Hammarskjöld, the United Nations Secretary-General, on March 4 in New York, on taking up his duties as Pakistan's permanent representative to the United Nations.



(Left.) COMMODORE OF THE P. AND O. FLEET: CAPTAIN J. C. W. LAST.
Captain J. C. W. Last, fifty-seven-year-old commander of the liner *Chusan*, principal P. and O. liner on the Far East route, became Commodore of the P. and O. fleet on March 3. He succeeded Commodore C. W. Pollitt, master of the *Iberia*, who retired on reaching the age limit of sixty.



DURING HIS VISIT TO SYRIA: PRESIDENT NASSER (RIGHT) VISITING THE TOMB OF SALADIN IN DAMASCUS.
On February 28, whilst on a visit to Syria, President Nasser, head of the new United Arab Republic, visited the tomb of Saladin, the great mediæval Arabic ruler. Soon afterwards it was announced that the Yemen was to federate with the Union, and the agreement was later signed in Damascus.

(Right.) THE OXFORD GOLF CAPTAIN: MR. S. PROCTOR.

Mr. Stephen Proctor will be the Captain of the Oxford University Golf Team which is meeting the Cambridge side at Rye at the end of next week. He was at Harrow, and is at Brasenose College, and is a former boy international. Last year Oxford beat Cambridge by 10-5.



(Left.) TO CAPTAIN THE CAMBRIDGE GOLF TEAM AT RYE: MR. E. R. DEXTER.

Mr. E. R. Dexter is to be Captain of the Cambridge University Golf Team which will be playing against Oxford University at Rye on March 21-22. Mr. Dexter was at Radley College, and is now at Jesus College. He is also captain of the Cambridge Cricket XI for the coming season.

(Right.) IN LONDON: THE BURGOMASTER OF WEST BERLIN.

Herr Brandt, Chief Burgomaster of West Berlin, arrived in London on March 9 for a six-day visit as the guest of the British Government. During his visit to this country Herr Brandt was to visit Oxford, Stratford-upon-Avon, Coventry, and Cambridge. On March 10 he called on the Prime Minister at No. 10, Downing Street.



A PRIVATE TAXI: MR. GULBENKIAN'S NEW CHOICE OF CAR.

Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian, the financier, has had a London taxi-cab specially converted for his own personal use. Because of its great manoeuvrability, a taxi-cab seemed to Mr. Gulbenkian the best vehicle for travelling in congested streets. Above, Mr. Gulbenkian is seen relaxing in the comfortable rear seat of the taxi.



THE FALL OF MR. KARAMANLIS' ADMINISTRATION: MEMBERS OF THE GREEK CARETAKER GOVERNMENT, WHICH WAS SWORN IN ON MARCH 5.

Following a final crisis which led to the defection of fifteen Government Deputies, Mr. Karamanlis, the Greek Prime Minister, resigned on March 2. Mr. Constantine Georgakopoulos was asked by King Paul to form a caretaker Government, and its members were sworn in on March 5. Its mission was to ask Parliament to pass the new electoral law within fifteen days, after which a general election was to be proclaimed. Mr. Georgakopoulos is third from the right in front, and Mr. Pezmazoglou, the Foreign Minister, is second from the left. Mr. Karamanlis had been Prime Minister since the death of Field-Marshal Papagos just over two years ago.



RESIGNING FROM THE COMMONS: SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS.

Sir Hartley Shawcross, who has been Labour Member for St. Helens, Lancashire, since 1945 and was Attorney-General and President of the Board of Trade in successive Labour Governments, recently announced his resignation from the House of Commons "at an early date." He described his reasons as "matters of purely private and family concern."

FROM A FISH DRINKING WHISKY TO A SERIOUS CRIME: SOME NOTABLE ITEMS OF HOME NEWS.



THE SCENE OF A WAGES RAID IN WHICH ONE MAN WAS KILLED: THE HEBE SPORTS LTD. CLOTHING FACTORY IN CITY ROAD. On March 7 a young maintenance engineer, Mr. Frederick Lee, of Islington, was shot and killed during a wages raid at the Hebe Sports Ltd. clothing factory in City Road, Clerkenwell. The raiders escaped with about £120, and at the time of writing had not been caught although an intensive police search was going on. On the same day, there were three other similar raids in and near London. It was thought the thieves in City Road may have been Cypriots.



TO ASSIST IN PREPARATIONS FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP: THE YACHT 'EVAINE' BEING LAUNCHED RECENTLY AT SOUTHAMPTON AFTER HER WINTER OVERHAUL.



THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME: A FLAT TELEVISION TUBE, ON WHICH MUCH PROGRESS HAS BEEN MADE.

Lord Halsbury, Managing Director of the National Research Development Corporation, announced recently that notable progress has been made on the development of a flat television tube, which can be hung on the wall like a picture. He was discussing the Corporation's eighth annual report.



A RIDERLESS MOUNT OF THE LIFE GUARDS BREAKS LOOSE: THE RUNAWAY, AFTER BEING CAUGHT BY A TAXI-DRIVER, LEFT, BEING RETURNED TO HIS "OWNERS."



ANOTHER MODERN CHURCH DESIGN: A VIEW OF THE TRIANGULAR-SHAPED CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY AT NORTH BUSHEY, NEAR WATFORD. THE FIRST SERVICE IN THIS UNCONVENTIONAL-LOOKING CHURCH WILL BE HELD AT EASTER.



ISN'T HE SWEET? PRINCESS MARGARET ADMIRES THE PUPPY DURING A VISIT TO A DR. BARNARDO'S HOME. On March 4 Princess Margaret visited the Dr. Barnardo's Home at High Broom, Crowborough, Sussex, where forty-eight children live in a family atmosphere and are encouraged to keep their own pets and pursue their own hobbies. While there, she admired a home-made guitar.



MAKING THEIR FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE: THE EUROPEAN BROWN BEAR CUB TWINS, WITH THEIR MOTHER AT WHIPSNADE. THEY ARE KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN BORN ABOUT JANUARY 8.



DRINKING LIKE A FISH--AND ON DOCTOR'S ORDERS, TOO. A GOLDFISH RECEIVING A DRAM OF--OF ALL UNEXPECTED DOSES--WHISKY, IN A LONDON FISH-DOCTOR'S SURGERY.

TRICERATOPS AT HOME 80,000,000 YEARS AGO—AND IN BIRMINGHAM TODAY.



A 10-TON VEGETARIAN WITH AN IMPREGNABLE DEFENCE: TRICERATOPS, ONE OF THE LAST OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, BASED ON THE SKULL NOW ACQUIRED BY BIRMINGHAM CITY MUSEUM.

TRICERATOPS was one of the last, most grotesque, most peaceful and best protected of the great dinosaurs which had ruled the earth since the end of the formation of the Coal Measures. It lived some 80 to 100 million years ago. Its length was probably about 25 ft. and it must have weighed about 10 tons. It was a browsing animal, but the formidable protection of its three huge horns and vast bone neck frill must have given it full protection against the carnivorous dinosaurs. There are very few skulls in the museums of the world, and the Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery are fortunate in having been able to acquire now from the American Museum of Natural History this fine 6 ft. 7 ins. long skull, considered one of the finest in the world, which was discovered in 1908 in the badlands of central Montana by an expedition led by Peter Klaisen. The site is now covered by the Fort Peck reservoir. The skull's importance lies not only in its intrinsic interest but also in representing a definite end-point in the complex history of organic evolution.



A MAGNIFICENTLY PRESERVED FOSSIL SKULL OF TRICERATOPS, NOW ACQUIRED BY BIRMINGHAM CITY MUSEUM. THE EXTREME LENGTH OF THE SKULL IS 6 FT. 7 INS. THE HORNS ARE HORN-CORES AND THE ACTUAL HORNS WOULD BE LONGER.

FROM ROYAL OCCASIONS TO A NUCLEAR SUBMARINE: A NEWS MISCELLANY.



IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE UNVEILING OF THE INDIAN SERVICES MEMORIAL.
The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, unveiled the Indian Services Memorial in Westminster Abbey on March 6. The memorial plaque commemorates the many civil servants who served in India between 1858 and 1947 and is in the West Cloister.



A NEW TYPE OF AIRCRAFT DEMONSTRATED FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: THE FAIREY ROTODYNE. PRINCE PHILIP CAN BE SEEN FOURTH FROM THE RIGHT DURING A VISIT TO THE FAIREY AVIATION COMPANY LIMITED AT WHITE WALTHAM, BERKS., RECENTLY.



AT ALDERSHOT: THE DUKE OF KENT, NEARER THE CAMERA ON THE FRONT SEAT, DURING A SPECIAL RIDE OF HONOUR AFTER PASSING AN ARMY RIDING COURSE. WITH HIM ARE OTHER OFFICERS WHO SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED THE COURSE.



AFTER AN EIGHT-DAY CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC: THE U.S. NUCLEAR SUBMARINE SKATE ARRIVING AT PORTLAND.

U.S.S. *Skate*, the latest nuclear-powered American submarine, arrived at Portland on March 5 after making a submerged crossing of the Atlantic in eight days eleven hours. She was on a cruise, during which she was to visit other European ports before returning to the United States. Her commander said she had behaved most satisfactorily during the voyage.



TO BE ERECTED IN FRONT OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY: A STATUE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The Minister of Works recently announced that a statue of Sir Walter Raleigh is to be erected on the site now occupied by the Grinling Gibbons statue of James II. The new statue commemorates the 350th anniversary of the foundation of the Commonwealth of Virginia. Mr. William McMillan has been commissioned to make the new statue. That of James II is to be moved to a lawn in front of the Foreign Office. Its removal is regretted by the National Gallery Trustees and opposed by the Royal Fine Art Commission.



THE STATUE WHICH IS TO BE REPLACED: KING JAMES II, BY GRINLING GIBBONS.



MR. A. E. MATTHEWS, THE VETERAN ACTOR, RIGHT, WHO HAS ACTIVELY OPPOSED THE ERECTION NEAR HIS HOUSE OF A MODERN STREET LAMP OF THE KIND SHOWN TO THE LEFT. Mr. A. E. Matthews, the well-known 88-year-old actor, objected to the erection of a modern street lamp outside his 300-year-old cottage at Bushey Heath, Herts., and spent a whole afternoon keeping Council workmen away from the hole where the lamp was to be put up. He unfortunately strained his foot in the hole. At the time of writing, the Council were going to discuss the matter with Mr. Matthews, who said he would have "no hideous monstrosities like this outside my cottage."

THE KARIBA DAM OVERWHELMED BY FLOODS; INCIDENTS OF THE KELVINGROVE BY-ELECTION; AND MANCHESTER'S TRIBUTE TO THE MUNICH HOSPITAL STAFF AT OLD TRAFFORD.

(Right.)
AS THE SWOLLEN ZAMBEZI APPROACHED
ITS RECORD HEIGHT: A PHOTOGRAPH
TAKEN ON MARCH 2, WHEN THE RIVER,
100 FT. HIGHER THAN NORMAL, WAS
SWEEPING OVER THE COFFER DAM.
On March 3, the floods at Kariba swept
away the suspension bridge and left only
Blondin cables connecting the two banks,
and the waters continued to rise until
March 6, when the first fall in the level
occurred. It is now believed that the worst
is past and that no damage has been done
to the permanent work. Intensive prepara-
tions for resumption of the work are
already in hand.



ADDRESSING A MEETING IN THE HARLAND AND WOLFF ENGINEERING SHOPS: MRS. MARY
McALISTER, THE LABOUR CANDIDATE IN THE KELVINGROVE BY-ELECTION.



MRS. KATHARINE ELLIOT, THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE AND WIDOW OF THE FORMER MEMBER
FOR KELVINGROVE, TALKING TO WORKMEN ON THE QUAYSIDE AT ANDERSON.
Polling day in the Kelvingrove by-election, occasioned by the death of the member, Mr.
Walter Elliot, was to be March 13. At the General Election the Conservative majority
in a straight fight with Labour was 2888. In the by-election I.L.P. and Liberal-Home Rule
candidates were also standing.



MANCHESTER'S TRIBUTE TO THE MUNICH HOSPITAL WHICH TREATED THE MANCHESTER UNITED
PLAYERS: THE GERMAN DOCTORS AND NURSES BEING LED ON TO THE OLD TRAFFORD GROUND.
Professor Georg Maurer and other doctors and nurses of the Munich hospital which treated the
Manchester United survivors of the Munich air crash were brought to Manchester for a two-day
visit; and at the football match on March 8 were given a great reception by 60,000 people.



NURSES OF THE RECHTS DES ISAR HOSPITAL WITH MANCHESTER NURSES ON A SHOPPING TRIP
WHEN THE GERMAN NURSES WERE HONOURED VISITORS TO MANCHESTER.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SIMPLE FAITH.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HAVE to write this week about two anxious premières. One of the plays has vanished, so not much need be said of it; but whatever has happened, or may happen, to the other, it is only fair to speak in its defence, and I do so warmly.

The first piece was a fantasy called "Hunter's Moon," written with elaborate care (that, even so, was not careful enough) by the American dramatist, Marc Connelly, and presented ambitiously at the Winter Garden. It just survived the evening without trouble from above, but for most of the time we had sat on a splinter-edge of doubt, wondering what the gallery might do. To its credit it refrained from facile mockery.

This sad piece continues to affect the mind like a snatch of a half-remembered, faded melody. Marc Connelly had imagined a village, concealed in a remote corner of Upper New York State, that still lived under the rules, and with the manners, of the American Colonial world: a lost village (its name Serenity) forgotten, through two centuries, behind its stockade. There was a gentle historical imagination at work here, but the dramatist, seeking to mingle past and present, lost himself in manifold absurdities of plot, and in the drone of verse that sounded like a pastiche of the New England Tragedies. Moreover, the whole business was wrecked at the end by a disclosure that the village was the figment of a dream. Then why do I recall it now? Simply because the play, though a failure, was honest and oddly touching: indifferently acted (even if I must always meet Sebastian Shaw with pleasure), insecurely produced, but able, withal, to set the mind questing, to let us stand, if only for a second, on the threshold of an odd, haunted world. Alas, the night crumbled, and we must leave it there. I regret it.

At the second première, that of "School" (Princes), the gallery booed, and a defiant, indignant peal of applause came from the rest of the house. This was an occasion when the gallery did behave foolishly—one is forced to say so. It was the worst of manners to mock a cast that had performed with so much skill and tact an intimate period diversion put on—unluckily—in a vast house, hard to warm. "Caste," which was done by another company two years ago, under the title of "She Smiled At Me," was a dire botch. But "School," in its musical version, has real grace and delicacy, both in "Tom" Robertson's text (tactfully handled by Redmond Phillips) and the music of Christopher Whelen. I suggest, as another reason for the gallery's misbehaviour, its inability to appreciate the period nuances of Robertson's play.

This was, of course, one of the cup-and-saucer comedies from the old Prince of Wales's in Tottenham Street (you can still see the portico that stands at the stage entrance of the present Scala Theatre). "School" was the fifth of a famous line, and in its day the most successful. It retains its uncommon charm, though it needs badly a small theatre in which its quality can be appreciated. Douglas Seale, who has directed the piece with sure effect—and it must have been a change from "King Lear"—has refused to allow the plan of the comedy to be blurred or vulgarised. It may not be on the right stage (that of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre last autumn was better), but it is still a musical play for affectionate recognition. Those gallery noises on the first night were merely ill-tempered.

"School" is a Cinderella story. Bella, the "charity girl" pupil-teacher

at St. Muriel's Academy for Young Ladies (period 1869), duly gets her Prince, who is the romantically urbane Lord Beaufoy. These parts are acted and sung sensitively by Jean Bayless and James Maxwell, and clearly the artists will develop when they are used to the pitch of the cavernous house, and when the orchestra—which was all too tentative



TRouble in the searchlight unit of "TOUCH IT LIGHT": THE COOK (HARRY LOCKE) DEFENDS HIS RIGHT TO OFFER CHEESE-STRAWS INSTEAD OF CHIPS AND SYRUP INSTEAD OF SUGAR TO SWEETEN THE COFFEE. TOMMO (VICTOR MADDERN), THE MAN OF ACTION, PROTESTS.



"AN ASSURED HIT ALMOST FROM THE FIRST TEN MINUTES": A SCENE FROM ROBERT SHARROW'S MILITARY COMEDY "TOUCH IT LIGHT," AT THE STRAND THEATRE. (L. TO R.) TOMMO (VICTOR MADDERN), ERIC McCAFFEY (ROBERT DESMOND), ROLAND KENYON (HARRY LOCKE), LIEUTENANT OGLEBY (JON PERTWEE), SPINNER RICE (DOUGLAS IVES) AND SYD McCAFFEY (PETER JONES).

at the première—is thoroughly at ease. Eleanor Drew, in Marie Wilton Bancroft's famous part of Naomi, the school-heiress who is older than she looks, has no difficulty whatever. Her Letter song is a joy, and it had the right shout of welcome.

Most of the acting, in fact, is first-rate in its period mood. I hope visitors to the Princes will observe three performances that show again what Sir Barry Jackson's theatre can do. Kenneth Mackintosh is the old Beau with the chestnut "weepers" who begins by obstinately hiding his years, and who subsides at length into proper bath-chair dignity. This is an extremely delicate and consistent piece of acting. Michael Blake-more, too, deals cheerfully with the lisping Poyntz, marksman at home and abroad: hear him describe the "wout" at Balaclava. And Geoffrey Taylor has one of the most confirmed successes of the night as that adenoidal usher, Crooks, who is something of a Dickensian figure and who moves through the play like a snuffing blackbeetle. He was joyfully hissed at the première, a tribute to the actor. Crooks may appear to be odd in a girls' school, but Robertson took the outline of his comedy from a German play, "Aschenbrödel." At the Princes there is an additional sextet of schoolmasters, but this is not allowed to intrude into the scenes within St. Muriel's, where the girls are the most agreeable friskers. I fancy that even less work is done at St. Muriel's than at St. Trinian's.

I had felt from the first that "School" might have a rough critical passage among some of the flintier young men for whom the world began in, say, 1935 (and even that is primeval). But, for myself, I am glad to have had the chance of seeing and hearing it, and of saluting again the invariable taste and accuracy of a production from Sir Barry Jackson's theatre. (The London management is that of Jack Hylton.)

One more note. Students of stage history may notice a speech by Jack Poyntz, for the reasons that Sir Squire Bancroft gave in his section of the autobiography he wrote with his wife. "School," he said, contained a curious example of innocent plagiarism:

Robertson one morning, when the rehearsals were well advanced, added a few lines to a speech of Jack Poyntz in the third act, and said, "At a theatre last night I was introduced to a lady, who told me that although I had forgotten her, she well remembered me, reminding me where we had met before, and adding that I then made use of these words: 'When Nature makes a pretty woman, she puts all the goods into the shop window.' Whether I ever did say them or not I haven't the least idea, but they seem to me quite good enough for Jack Poyntz," and he wrote them into the part. Some years later, when reading Goldsmith's comedy, "The Good-Natured Man," to see if we thought it worth revival, this sentence from the mouth of Miss Richland was revealed: "Our sex are like poor tradesmen, that put all their best goods to be seen at the windows."

The third play of the week was an assured hit almost from the first ten minutes. (I am still a little dubious about the speeches from a spot-lit theatre box with which it begins and ends.) In "Touch It Light" (Strand), Robert Sharrow mobilises a group of soldiers in a searchlight unit on the Channel coast during 1942. The technique is, broadly, that of "Seagulls Over Sorrento"—reference back is inevitable—but Mr. Sharrow's sense of humour and situation and his choice of repartee are entirely and richly his own. Unpretentious, exceedingly well performed by a male cast of eight, and produced by Basil Dean with his experienced authority, the piece seems likely to occupy the Strand for a long time. This was not one of the anxious premières.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"KING JOHN" (Arts, Cambridge).—The Marlowe Society's Lent Term production. (March 10.)

"LITTLE EYOLF" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Robert Eddison in a new translation of Ibsen's play by Michael Meyer. (March 11.)

THE STORY OF AN
ENGLISH GIRL WHO WON
THE GEORGE CROSS.



THE ACTUAL GIRL WHO WAS SHOT BY THE NAZIS AND WHOSE STORY IS RE-LIVED IN THE FILM BY VIRGINIA McKENNA: VIOLETTE SZABO.*



DURING THEIR BRIEF HONEYMOON: VIOLETTE AND HER HUSBAND ETIENNE SZABO IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR HOTEL IN ALDERSHOT IN AUGUST 1940.*

NOW AS AN OUTSTANDING
BRITISH FILM: "CARVE
HER NAME WITH PRIDE."



THE TALENTED ACTRESS WHO PLAYS THE PART OF VIOLETTE SZABO, SECRET AGENT, IN THE FILM: VIRGINIA McKENNA, PREPARING TO HURL A GRENADE.



THE LOVING MOTHER: VIOLETTE SZABO (VIRGINIA McKENNA) HELPING HER LITTLE DAUGHTER TANIA TO BLOW OUT HER BIRTHDAY-CAKE CANDLES.



THE SECRET AGENT: VIOLETTE WITH JACQUES (MAURICE RONET) AND TONY FRASER (PAUL SCOFIELD; RIGHT) IN ENEMY-OCCUPIED FRANCE.



HUNTED BY GERMAN TROOPS: VIOLETTE, UNABLE TO STAND ON HER SPRAINED ANKLE, RESTS AGAINST A TREE CLASPING HER STEN GUN.



IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY AFTER HER HEROIC STRUGGLE TO ESCAPE FROM THEIR CLUTCHES: VIOLETTE FACES HER CAPTORS WITH UNDISGUISED HOSTILITY.



AT THE BEGINNING OF HER IMPRISONMENT WHICH ENDED IN DEATH: VIOLETTE IS VISITED IN HER CELL BY A NAZI INTERROGATOR (NOEL WILLMAN).

"Carve Her Name With Pride" (Rank Organisation), which is based on the book of the same name by R. J. Minney, tells the story of Violette Szabo, who was the first Englishwoman to win the George Cross. It was awarded, posthumously, for her courage as an agent in occupied France during World War II. The film, which had its premiere at the Leicester Square Theatre, London, on February 20, is produced by Major Daniel

M. Angel, and directed by Lewis Gilbert. The part of Violette, a young widow of 23, who was shot by the Nazis at Ravensbruck, is movingly played by Virginia McKenna. The film starts in July 1940, when Violette Bushell was nineteen and had not yet met her husband, Lieut. Etienne Szabo, of the French Foreign Legion, who was killed in action two years later, leaving Violette with Tania, the daughter he never saw.



IT is just a hundred years since W. P. Frith sent "Derby Day" to the Royal Academy, where it was so popular that it had to be protected by a railing. I suppose "Derby Day" shares with Millais' "Bubbles" the distinction of having been the most admired painting of its generation and also, in some quarters, the most execrated—particularly "Bubbles"—for that quality of sweetly sticky sentiment which the twentieth century finds so little to its taste. But, looking



FIG. 1. "GEORGE AND WILLIE JAMES, GRANDSONS OF SIR J. E. MILLAIS," BY GEORGE DU MAURIER (1834-1896). WILLIE (LEFT), WHO BECAME ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM JAMES, WAS THE MODEL FOR MILLAIS' FAMOUS PAINTING "BUBBLES." (Pencil: 8½ by 6½ ins.)

back, it occurs to me to ask whether young people to-day have ever even heard of "Bubbles" (1886), so rapidly do the years pass and so fleeting are reputations. Once the little boy, later Admiral Sir William James, blew his bubbles on every hoarding advertising Pears Soap; but that was painted towards the end of Millais' life. Perhaps his earlier work "The Carpenter's Shop" in the Tate Gallery, painted long before he deserted his Pre-Raphaelite manner—and, as some say, was spoiled by success—is more to our liking. That was in 1850 and, under its original title of "Christ in the House of His Parents," it shocked the conventional by its simplicity and the heathen by its sincerity; and so enraged Charles Dickens that he rushed into print and, at one stroke, proved himself the complete barbarian.

By now, these Victorian quarrels have become rather dusty, and we can look back at them without excitement. What is more to the point, we are beginning to wonder whether an amused contempt for either the Pre-Raphaelites or the Victorian Academicians is really a sensible attitude for intelligent people to adopt; after a century we are perhaps getting them both into focus, appreciating their sincerity and their craftsmanship, accepting their conventions as those of their time, and not expecting every painter of talent to be a genius. On the whole, perhaps we have been so dazzled by Constable and Turner that we have not been able to look at later and lesser men with the attention they deserve. One has no right to demand more than one, or at the most two, authentic geniuses every hundred years, and it is a mere fluke that, just about this time, the French produced half a dozen. No, from 1850 onwards our painters seem to me to be a nice pedestrian lot, given to earnestness and anecdote, and pretty sentiment, but—and this is where they become fascinating—marvellously accurate interpreters of

their time. For, though romanticism was not dead, the heroic age was over, and prosperous middle-class England, no less than prosperous seventeenth-century middle-class Holland, liked to see itself in familiar surroundings and in situations which were part of everyday life. Hence the enormous success of "Derby Day" and Frith's other crowd scenes—"Ramsgate Sands" and "The Railway Station," and the interest of story-telling paintings.

I have never been able to understand the objection to telling a story in paint. Read some of the big-wigs of art criticism and you would think it a crime, when all the time the very greatest of painters from Giotto downwards have been concerned with little else. The difference is that they told their stories better than did the average Victorian, and that perhaps the history of salvation in their hands is handled in a nobler manner than the famous "The Scapegoat" over which Holman Hunt took such pains. There is this, too. Many of my generation were impressed in our youth by the sultry beauty of Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel"; but when we grew to man's estate we made the acquaintance of Edouard Manet and discovered that the monumental enigmatic goddess presiding over "The Bar of the Folies-Bergère" was an altogether far nobler conception than the earnest, mawkish Rossetti could ever have imagined; and we believe that we have remained reasonably immune from super-aestheticism ever since. All this means that now is a good time for the old to re-examine their prejudices and for the young, who presumably are not yet bedevilled by a thousand conflicting theories, to make up their minds.

I recommend a visit to the new galleries at the Victoria and Albert Museum, where, once you can drag yourself past the Constables, mid-Victorian worthies can be studied at leisure; then, of course;



FIG. 3. "THE POACHER'S WIFE," AN UNFINISHED PAINTING BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS (1829-1896). THE EXHIBITION OF "ENGLISH PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS OF THE 19TH CENTURY" CONTINUES AT MESSRS. COLNAGHI'S, 14, OLD BOND STREET, THROUGHOUT MARCH. (Oil on canvas: 29 by 19½ ins.)

there is the Tate Gallery which is not, as some people imagine, concerned only with French painting; and now, for the first time, as far as I know, numerous Victorian artists appear in an exhibition at Colnaghi's—a modest affair of some fifty drawings

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE AGE OF VICTORIA.

and a few paintings, at which I made the acquaintance of one or two who were known to me only by name. Shameful, I thought, that though I knew George Pinwell (1842-75) had been a most famous book illustrator, I had never seen his original work, here represented by two little water-colours of extraordinary delicacy. Shameful, too, that I should all my life have detested the sentimental lusciousness of Birket Foster's country scenes and never realised that he could, when he gave his mind to it, be as simple and as straightforward and as solid as he is in a little drawing of "Witley Church" (Fig. 2). The latest thing in this exhibition seems to be a small drawing of a girl (only 4½ by 3½ ins.) by the late Sir William Nicholson,



FIG. 2. "THE INTERIOR OF WITLEY CHURCH," BY MYLES BIRKET FOSTER (1825-1899). THE WORKS SHOWN ON THIS PAGE ARE IN THE EXHIBITION AT MESSRS. COLNAGHI'S DISCUSSED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS. (Pencil with water-colour and body-colour: 5½ by 4½ ins.)

who died as recently as 1949. It is dated 1898, when the artist was twenty-six, and is a most impressive performance, with something of the sweep and verve of the famous posters produced just before by "J. and W. Beggartstaff" (the James Pryde-William Nicholson partnership)—indeed, it makes one wonder whether the senior partner in that enterprise was not Nicholson rather than his brother-in-law.

Millais is represented by several drawings and by an unfinished oil painting "The Poacher's Wife" (Fig. 3), which is mentioned in a letter of the 1860's from Millais to his wife. The Millais interest of the exhibition is heightened by a little drawing (Fig. 1) by Du Maurier of the two grandchildren, George and William. It was William who posed for the famous (or infamous) "Bubbles," and it was William who, after his retirement, wrote that moving book "The Order of Release," in which he told the story of his grandmother's marriage to Ruskin and her subsequent happiness with Millais. That reminds me of the strange series of drawings Millais made during those months when Effie Gray's horrible experience with Ruskin was at its worst. They are concerned with unhappy love-affairs and in one of them ("The Ghost" in the Victoria and Albert Museum) an apparition very like Ruskin is terrifying a girl about to be married. By general consent these drawings, just because they are not contrived but spring from the heart, are among the best Millais ever did.

Other painters who seem to me well worth re-discovering are John Macdonald (1829-1901), represented by two excellent drawings and an oil, and George Boyce (1826-97), whose lovely green and yellow water-colour, signed and dated 1862, seems to me to possess something of the spirit of Samuel Palmer, though less hedged-in and intense.

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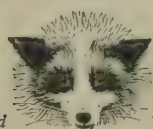
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SHOWING THE APSE, WITH ITS WONDERFUL MASONRY, BEFORE REMOVAL FOR RE-ERECTION AT THE CLOISTERS, NEW YORK: THE RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF SAN MARTIN AT FUENTIDUENA, A TOWN NORTH OF SEGOVIA.



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(Right.) A FINE EXAMPLE OF SPANISH ROMANESQUE CARVING: A CAPITAL WITH DELICATE AND DECORATIVE BASKETWORK.



SOON TO BE SEEN BY VISITORS TO THE CLOISTERS: ONE OF THE CORBELS FROM THE APSE.



READY FOR PACKING AND SHIPPING TO NEW YORK: NUMBERED BLOCKS OF MASONRY FROM THE DISMANTLED APSE.

Continued.

Berlanga frescoes, which an art dealer had brought to America in 1920, were only recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum for the purpose of the exchange. In addition the Museum has undertaken to help the Bishop of Segovia to restore another Romanesque church at Fuentidueña. The apse was taken down and packed for shipment under the supervision of a Spanish official architect, and arrived in New York on February 14. When re-erected at The Cloisters it will stand on the heights of Manhattan as it once stood on the hill at Fuentidueña.

AN unusual art transaction between the Spanish Government and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, was announced on February 19. In exchange for six mediæval frescoes from the Church of San Baudelio de Berlanga which the Metropolitan Museum is lending on a long-term basis to the Prado in Madrid, the Spanish authorities have agreed to the long-term loan to The Cloisters of the apse of the abandoned and secularised twelfth-century Romanesque church of San Martin in Fuentidueña. The approval of many lay and ecclesiastical authorities in Spain had to be obtained for this project, and the twelfth-century Spanish

[Continued opposite.]



SHOWING THE SUPERB CARVING OF THE CAPITALS AND MOULDINGS: THE EXTERIOR OF ONE OF THE THREE WINDOWS OF THE APSE.



AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN RE-ERECTED AT THE CLOISTERS: THE APSE SEEN IN AN ARCHITECT'S DRAWING. THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM HAS SENT SIX FREScoes TO THE PRADO IN THIS UNIQUE LONG-TERM EXCHANGE LOAN.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

WE don't seem to get many novels with a working-class background, and very few of them can be called agreeable; but those few, naturally perhaps, have a special cosiness. And "The Menagerie," by Catherine Cookson (Macdonald; 13s. 6d.), is almost perversely cosy; it takes its tone from Aunt Lot, the "innocent" flaunting about the streets like a tatty rainbow, and for ever hugging herself because "folks are so nice." Aunt Lot's habitat is Fellburn—a colliery town in Durham under the new dispensation, with good pay and full employment. Nowadays the miner has a bath at the pithead, and can go home "wearing a collar and tie and a decent mack over an equally decent suit." Quite likely he has a car. But he is still coming from the pit—as everyone knows; and there he still crawls on his belly, waiting, if he has imagination, to be buried alive. So the change is not so vast, and the tale of the Broadhurst family is not cosy for want of evils.

One might rather say it has a glut: and all by way of retribution on Larry, the eldest son, because he threw over his best girl. Larry is the well-set-up one, the clever one—his parents' favourite. When Pam Turnbull showed up again with the culture and manners of her good school, he went frantic about her. Dropping his big, tender Jessie, who had adored him from childhood.

Since Pam, in turn, ditched him within a week of the altar for a rich American, he seems to have been paid out. And one might think Jinny Broadhurst, that notable little Trojan, had enough to worry her: first and always Aunt Lot, and now Jack's unpleasant wife. But she has not started yet; calamity dates from the siren's return to Fellburn, and has no bounds. All in a rush, her two daughters and their families are off to Australia, her respectability is brought low, her new grandchild is born an imbecile, her men, except Larry the renegade, are dead, and her ordered home has become a "menagerie" of freaks and cripples. All we have to set against this is Jessie's rise in the world and her own conceit, and Larry's repentance and return. So it *ought* to be a more painful story. But the source of this—admittedly undue—comfort is warmth of heart; there is no faking, unless you would count the wedding bells.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Seductive Mirror," by Leonard Mosley (Arthur Barker; 11s. 6d.), goes far to restore the balance of grimness. Again the background is working-class: though the "hero" never truly belonged to it, and is now a theatrical producer with a big dog, a host of friends, and everything handsome about him. In his own view, ideally fixed. But, then, the dog dies, and all is emptiness. He is alone in the world. Why has he no son? . . . And for the first time it occurs to him that he may have had, twenty years ago. As a boy in an outer suburb of Manchester, he worshipped a slightly older playmate. As a young man he looked her up to assert his superiority. He never went back; and in her only letter—unanswered—there was nothing about a child. Yet when he comes to think of it. . .

The end is a fresh journey to the old place. Hilda is still there—loving and welcoming as ever, though a lot fatter. She has a horrible little girl; but she has also a son. A tactful, self-possessed boy—Christopher's own son. And just as he had never supposed Hilda would be "difficult," now he assumes that Jack will readily come away with him. He and Jack get on fine. . . . The awakening is frightful. Altogether, it is a nasty, rancorous little story; but it has grip.

"Warden of the Smoke and Bells," by Richard Llewellyn (Michael Joseph; 13s. 6d.), is introduced as "a wonderful adventure," which seems the kindest way of describing it. The setting is Assisi, and the cast reminded me of Savonarola Brown. "Messer Polo has invited Messer Giotto and Messer Dante to sup with him. . . ." Messer Dante ("A-many blessings rest upon his noble head") reads the "Divine Comedy" aloud, but turns out to be the most otiose character in fiction. Messer Polo (Marco) is on his way home with a Cathayan princess and caravan. Meanwhile, plots are being hatched by the Perugians and the wicked count Althasar d'Orosa and Franc, the Tower Warden, rises abruptly to be Mayor. An amazing story, not in the best sense.

"Three at the Angel," by Maurice Procter (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), is about an amateur crime. Lou Fingerhut, an intelligent, life-suspended boxer, not a bad chap, gets the idea of a jewel robbery in Park Lane; just once, and away. He ropes in a couple of other boxers, not bad chaps either, though much stupider than himself. And they make their haul; but, from the ghastly little incident of the Pekingese, nothing else goes right. "China" must needs betray himself to a tart. Lou's wife has her suspicions, and tells her boy friend. Goldie asks for trouble in defence of his "young lady," who rats on him. It is a complete shambles—yet no more a "tough" story than a sentimental one. Mr. Procter had nineteen years in the police force; he is always good, and I think this drama, with its rich yet natural action, is his best yet.

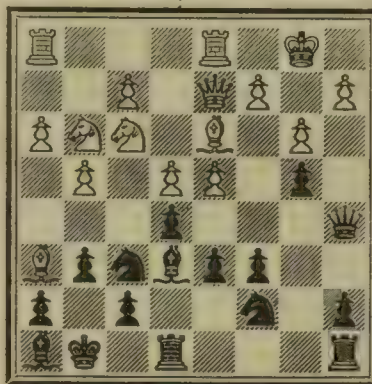
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

NEVER be satisfied with humdrum chess. More than once I have seen two amateurs analysing in rather uninspired fashion when a strong player has attempted to show them—in the most tactful manner—some of the brilliant possibilities they are missing; and a characteristic reply runs somewhat on these lines: "Oh, we don't play that flashy sort of stuff: we don't throw the pieces about in our games." Often this rooted objection to "throwing the pieces about" means winning in thirty-three moves instead of three; or losing a positionally-won game through overlooking some unexpected twist that would have been obvious—to anybody who had ever taken any interest in unexpected twists.

Francisco Perez, many times Spanish champion, could never play dully. Encountering the American D'Eucher in the tournament at Tarragona recently, he reached the following position after fifteen moves:

D'EUCHER (White)



F. J. PEREZ (Black)

D'Eucher was somewhat outclassed in this event; Perez could probably have beaten him by plodding play. . . .

16. P×P Kt-Q2 ! ?

. . . but prefers (to our eternal joy) not:

17. P×P Kt-B4 !

Having sacrificed a pawn so as to open up the diagonal for his king's bishop, he sacrifices a knight so as to . . .

18. P×Kt Kt-R5 !

. . . sacrifice the other knight. But D'Eucher sees too clearly that 19. P×Kt, Q×RP would allow too many more sacrifices. A typical finish (undoubtedly envisaged by Perez well beforehand) might be 20. P-B4, P×P e.p.; 21. Q-B2, B×RPch! 22. Q×B, QR-Ktch; 23. P×R(Q), R×Qch; 24. K-R7, P-B7 dis ch; 25. P-K5, B×Pch; 26. Kt×B (White has now given away five pieces in succession!), 26. . . . Q-Q5ch, and mate next move. Sheer poetry!

19. Kt-K2 P-QB4

It is not always as easy to prove a single-piece sacrifice sound as a multiple! Perez accomplishes the task neatly.

20. Kt-Kt5 P-B5

21. B×P B×B

22. P×B Kt-Kt3

23. P-R3 Q×P

24. P-QB3 P×P

25. Q-R2 P-B7ch

Resigns.

But I am not so certain that it is true to say that "the public's attitude to the work of Parliament has, in late years, been one of growing interest." This is a really useful work of reference, full, sound and carefully compiled by experts. The photographs, maps and diagrams are well chosen.

I recommend "Talking of Animals" (Jacaranda Press, Brisbane; 10s. 6d; with photographs by the author), by David Fleay, who is an Australian naturalist. It is quite a short book, all about Australian birds and beasts. I am desolated to learn that the duck-billed platypus, always a favourite of mine, has an enormous capacity for food, a querulous voice, and an extraordinary temperament—also that the male is venomous. (If I want to meet that sort of creature, I need not go all the way to Australia!) E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM A CENTENNIAL MISCELLANY TO AUSTRALIAN ANIMALS.

THIS year is the centenary of the publishing house of Cassell, and to celebrate this event—on which I offer them due and sincere congratulations—they have produced "The Cassell Miscellany," as fine a 30s.-worth as any I have seen. I have only one serious criticism to make of it, and that is that the volume itself is too heavy to be held with comfort when reading in bed. Otherwise, how triumphantly it would have justified that reviewer's standby: "The perfect bedside book"! Indeed, I owe Cassell's a distinct grudge for having detained me, for three nights running, out of bed before the fire in an armchair, as I read through the extracts from the works of Charles Reade, Oscar Wilde, George Augustus Sala, J. M. Barrie, Winston Churchill, Edgar Wallace, and so on and on and on, down to (or should it be "up to"?) Eartha Kitt. Rarely have I enjoyed myself so much, and I picked up a good deal of useful information. I did not know, for example, that Mr. F. L. Lucas had written so delightfully about Ronsard. I met many old friends, and I made one or two new acquaintances. The list of authors published by Cassell is indeed imposing. For those who like that sort of thing, they can offer you, besides Napoleon III, Marie Queen of Rumania, H.R.H. The Duke of Windsor, and H.H. The Aga Khan. There are Marquesses and Earls, and at least three Field Marshals. The astonishing point, to me, is that all these dignitaries really earned their place in the lists of a century's publishing. But it would be a pity if I gave the impression that this huge tome is nothing but a blazon of names, noble or otherwise. When I was at Oxford we used to repeat a kindly but caustic jingle about a certain professor, which ended:

I am the sole epigraphist

With the Almighty on my list,

but if a glance at the contents list of this miscellany raises such a passing thought, it will not survive further reading. Some of the extracts, as, for instance, a short passage from Balfour's autobiography, are most cunningly chosen. Others are a trifle abrupt. But this is essentially a book into which readers must dip for themselves. They will be well advised to make the venture.

The next two books on my list this week share at least one feature in common with the Cassell miscellany; they are enormously stout and heavy. I thought Mr. Maurice Bruce's "The Shaping of the Modern World" (Hutchinson; 42s.), to which I had been looking forward, rather disappointing. This is the first of a two-volume study. It covers the years 1870-1914, and has the subtitle: "Ends and Beginnings: The World to 1914." Historians have different aims and methods, and before criticising Mr. Bruce, I turned back to remind myself how he defines his own. In his preface, he tells us that "the story is one to be read, not to be dipped into for dates and isolated facts. . . . The aim has been to produce a fully integrated work which shall be both reliable and readable and which, when complete, will be a . . . contribution to the understanding of the modern world." But if that is Mr. Bruce's aim, his method is singularly ill-chosen to carry it out. He does not, as one might expect, stand back from the complexities of his subject in order to give his readers the broad sweep of contemporary history. On the contrary, he proceeds in a series of darting flurries—Germany, Central Europe, France, Italy, Great Britain, the British Empire, and so on—providing us, inevitably, with "dates and isolated facts," which he makes little or no attempt to connect or to interpret. This is a pity, because the book contains so much hard work based on sound selection. In this field, I have only one quarrel with Mr. Bruce: I do not believe that you can safely leave out the Balkans and the Near East when discussing the events leading up to 1914. For all this, I shall look out for his second volume with interest.

An almost superhuman discretion marks the third of my tomes, the 1958 edition of "Britain," an official handbook published by H.M. Stationery Office (21s.). "The party system," I read, ". . . is based upon the fact that there are three effective political parties in the United Kingdom: Conservative, Labour and Liberal, each of which lays rival policies before the electorate." (Well, I suppose so. It depends what you mean by "rival"!)

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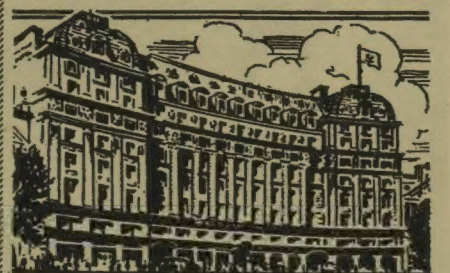
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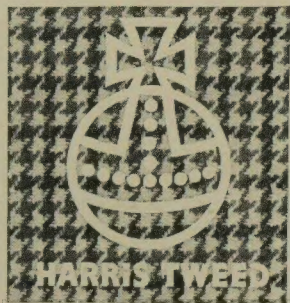
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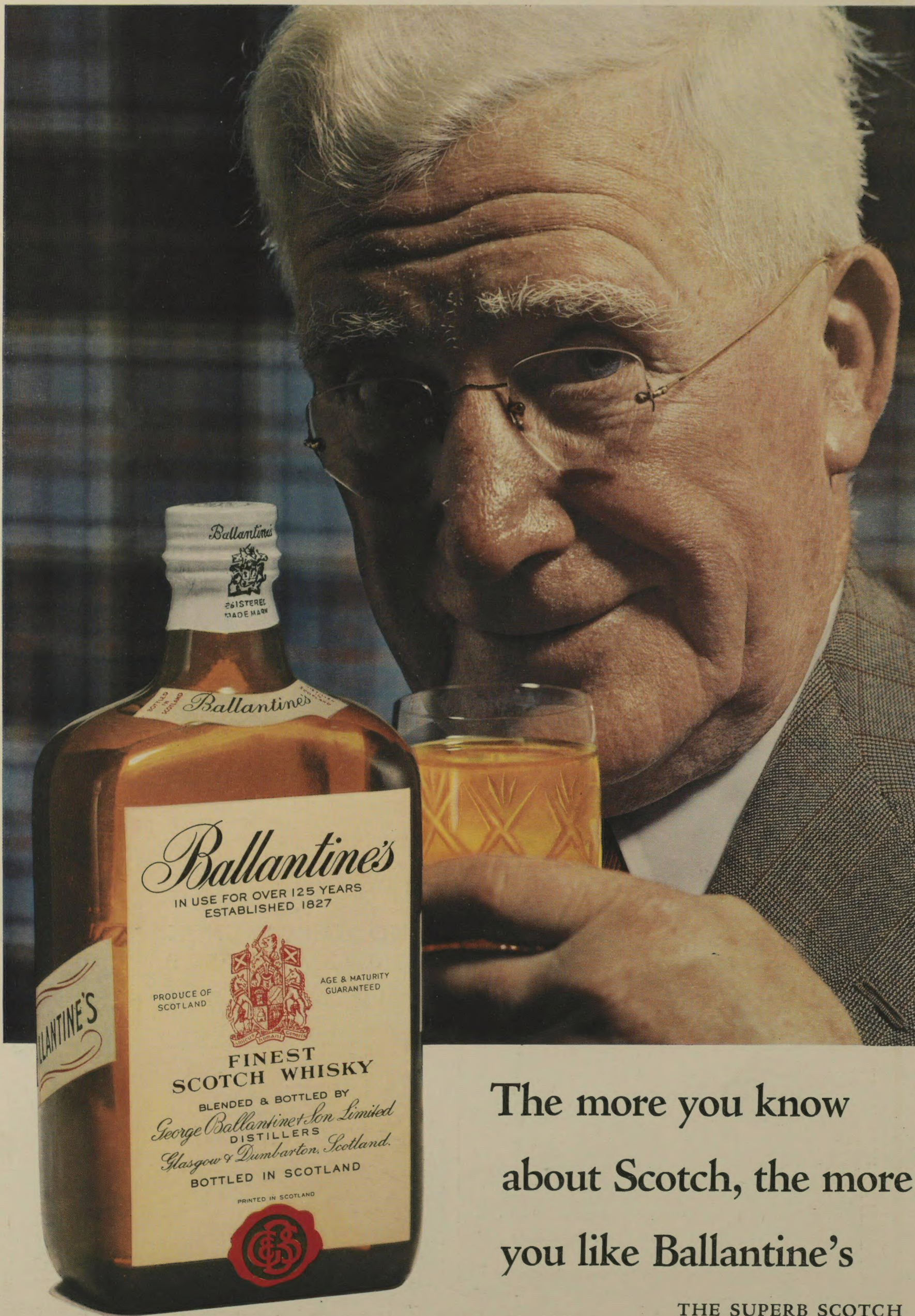
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